CANADA WEST MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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WINNIPEG CANADA

ALL HALLOWS EVE

BY THOMAS A. DALY

A LOVER of true lovers all,
I tune my heart to yours,
All ye who hold, in cot or hall,
One passion that endures;
And though for love's lost morn ye pine
Or in its noon delight,
Your heart-song shall be merged with mine
Upon this holy night.

I sing with thee, O merry boy,
At young love's opening door;
I sigh with thee, lone man, whose joy
Has been, but is no more.
True love is deathless. Wherefore grieve?
What was, again shall be.
I sing, this sweet All Hallows Eve,
Love's immortality.

"AN' when de tam' for de meeracle come, dat Mike Joulin he jomp up on hees seat an' yail like he see two t'ree honder loups garou, an' pull off dat wooden laig an' yail dat he was cure of de paralize for sure. An' all de peep' cry out, 'A meeracle! a meeracle!' an' he t'ink he was de great man for sure 'nough."

THE MIRACLE OF MICHAEL JOULIN

—*See page* 11

CANADA MONTHLY

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The Man Who Does a Day's Work

By Augustus Bridle

Illustrated With Photographs

ON A bright day in May of this year a million and a half dollars glided into a dock at Montreal in the shape of an ocean greyhound which five days before had drifted out of Bristol amid dipping of flags, cheers and Godspeed whistles; and about the day she swung out again down the St. Lawrence, her twin mate heaved out of Bristol—the other half of three millions of Canadian money. Montreal, being rather accustomed to ocean liners, made no fuss over the docking of the "Royal Edward." The fact that this boat put another Canadian transcontinental railroad in touch with a big British port was treated by Montreal as a mere fact—nothing more.

When the last trunk was luggered ashore and the last passenger on the dock, a big broad-shouldered man as quiet as the ship got down from the freight-shed doorway where for half an hour he had been watching the tugs warp the "Royal Edward" in. He went to the smoking-room and to a bunch of newspaper men that came up on her from Quebec, he made a trim little speech, into which within two minutes he contrived to pack the story of a good fifty millions which the Canadian Northern would probably spend during the next decade or so in making that road do for the Imperial globe-girdling tour on water precisely what the Canadian Pacific has done and very possibly more.

But the first Vice-President of the Canadian Northern made no blow about the new link of Empire. He simply and quietly stated the probable facts, took a quick run over the boat and went ashore again. On the dock he was braced by a reporter to whom he said quite as off-handedly and quietly that his partner, Mr. William Mackenzie, would land in Montreal on the "Royal George," with enough documents in his possession to entitle him to forty million dollars more of British money to be spent in extending and improving the Canadian Northern in various parts of Canada. And the Canadian Northern has already gobbled up for sound investment a couple of hundred millions of such money on the strength of Government-guaranteed bonds—to put the production areas of Canada in line with the markets both at home and abroad, and to build up new communities in Canada by the hundred.

So, for the present Donald D. Mann

was satisfied to smile; to lift his mobile eyebrows just a little and reflect that another of his dreams had come to pass. Some say he is a dreamer—this big, quiet, bearded man with the thick chest and the broad shoulders and the look of iron. Some who think they know him close at hand say that when travelling he often sits for an hour at a time biting a cigar and dreaming; then suddenly yanks out a piece of paper and begins to diagram and figure at a furious rate; then he rolls his cigar again and dreams some more.

Others say again that Donald D. Mann has been as practical and matter-of-fact as a steam-shovel ever since he hewed his first tamarac tie. Which goes to show that when a man gets to the D. D. Mann grip of things he begins to need a corps of biographers to explain him to the public.

IT was the broad axe that gave D. D. Mann his first installment of railroad muscle, and laid the foundation of his railroad brain.

However, taking the man as a primal fact he is anything but a dream. Somewhere about two hundred and forty pounds in weight, Donald D. Mann is not the style of physique one would select for a dancing-master—though he is enough like a cat on his feet to give a dancing-master points. He is not a fat man. He is bone and muscle and brain. He has lungs that would make a stethoscope a toy. He was always that way; unlike Roosevelt, he never took physical culture; but the bush and the river and the sloop-road and the broad-axe—these and the breath of the spruce and the pine, and the rocks of the north, and the bite of the prairie wind helped to make "Dan" Mann a hard human fact. The out-of-doors was the way for him—and more particularly the part of Canada's millions of acres that needed railroads.

The United States and Germany have seen and heard much of the man on the horse. There has also been the man behind the gun and "the man behind". But the man with the broad-axe belongs to Canada, and to no other country in the world just at the present time. It was the broad-axe that gave D. D. Mann his first instalment of railroad muscle and laid the foundation of his railroad brain. The battle-axe has always had a long lead over the broad-axe in point of history, and the old Normans knew how to cleave open the skulls of men like butcher artists. But if one of those skull-cleaving Normans had been set down in a neck of Canadian woods after a gang of blocking and scoring axes, and had been asked kindly to hew to the mark of a chalk-line on a stick of oak for a ship's spar or a barn timber or a long lean tamarac for railroad ties—well, he would have gashed his shins anyway; besides he would have got retired to carry the grub-basket and pick up the chips.

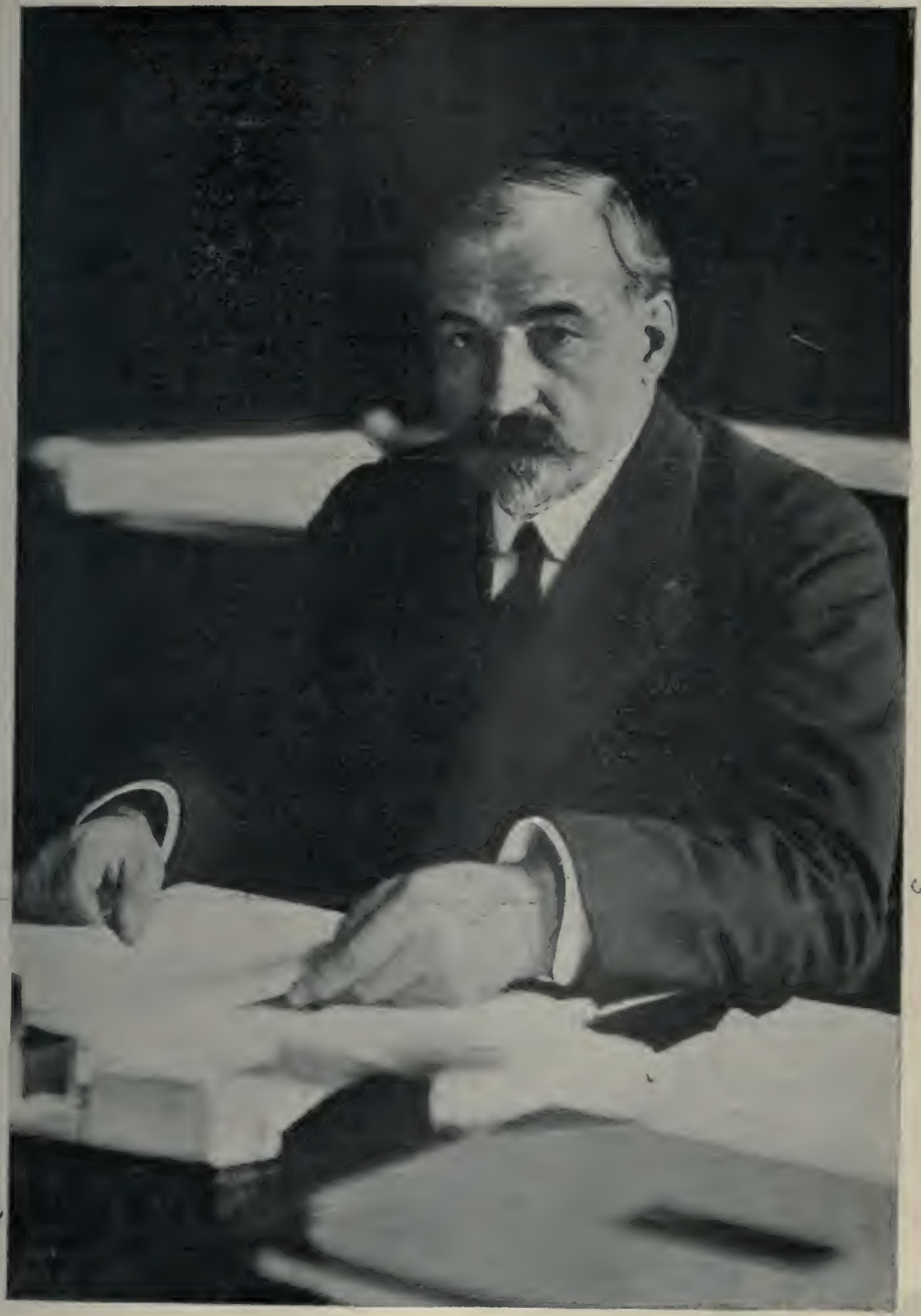
Two years ago at one of those civic banquets when town orators have a spiel over a new railroad, one of the pathfinders of Sudbury gave out a secret. He had discovered why it was that Mann got the initials "D. D."

"Why—he's a Dominion Developer!" said the wise one. "Yes!"

But in the cold light of family research this proves to be a mere play upon words. As a matter of fact, Donald D. Mann was intended by his Presbyterian father for a preacher; and if Dan Mann had gone into theology as thoroughly as he has into railroading, he would have been Rev. D. D. Mann, D. D., by the time he was old enough to vote.

Canada will never know what the pulpit lost in D. D. Mann; but nearly six thousand miles of Canada knows what the country gained when Mann went into the business of counting ties. The only other man in America that knows as much about ties is the other capital M of the combination—William Mackenzie. Some allege that Jim Hill is a close second; but Hill was out of the tie business and into high finance before either Mann or Mackenzie owned a mile of railroad.

If, on the main line of the old Grand Trunk between Toronto and Stratford,



SOME SAY THAT HE IS A DREAMER, THIS BIG, QUIET, BEARDED MAN
WITH THE BROAD SHOULDERS AND THE LOOK OF IRON

you poke your head out of a car window and ask the name of a certain little town where they make kid gloves by the million, you will be told that it is Acton, which was the only town Dan Mann knew much about till he was grown up. Seven miles further along over the grey limestone that bulges up over the Grand River the train stops again; a town about half the size of Acton and pretty nearly as rocky as Sudbury.

"That? Oh—that's Rockwood. Place where Jim Hill was born. Yep. Acton and Rockwood are the two most celebrated railroad towns in Canada."

Well, the Lord only knows how many Actons and Rockwoods might be put in Mann's and Hill's Christmas stockings now without making either of them stay up all night to see it done. The truth of the thing in one case, however, is that Jim Hill never built a mile of road into Canada for the sake of Canada; and when he left his Rockwood home he had about as much faith in the part of Canada where his neighbor has done two-thirds of his line-building as the man in the moon has in Cooke's discovering the North Pole. A more significant fact from the standpoint of arithmetic is that in seven years the firm of Mackenzie and Mann has put on the map nearly two hundred towns about the size of Acton, all as lusty to grow as barefooted boys. The combined population of the new towns and villages dotted along the lines of the Canadian Northern would make a city as big as Winnipeg. These two trail-blazers are the heads of the biggest man-owned railway system in the world. Their average of building beats anything known to railroad builders—for fourteen years just about a mile a day, counting Sundays. They are the only two Ontario men who ever undertook to build a transcontinental line. They are the first born Canadians to become ownership heads of a great system. In the scope and magnitude and diversity of their operations they have equalled the most daring builders in America or the whole world. They are two of the most famous Scotch-Canadians ever born. Neither of them had dreams that he would become a railway magnate. They never had their heads felt; neither so far as is known has either of them ever had his head enlarged. They are the first railroad builders in the world to build lines without selling stock. Government-guaranteed bonds have been the system of finance. Making the roads follow the country has been the method. In this there is more than in any system of finance. M. & M. roads begin to pay interest on investment sooner than any of the roads in Canada that have depended on through connections and short-cuts for a route. Mackenzie and Mann are the first railroad-builders in Canada to establish headquarters at an inland city. There was no real reason why these men should not have set up their check-signing and board-room department in Montreal—except that two other companies were headquartered there already and Mackenzie and Mann have always been pathfinders. The main reason they didn't set up at Winnipeg was probably because for a long while to come Winnipeg will be a long way from the financial centre of Canada. So far as traffic is concerned, Port Arthur is nearer the centre of the system than any of the others. But the brains of a transcontinental may be located almost anywhere so long as the system is right.

WHEN Mann left home in 1871 and struck out to the lumber woods, his first job was river-driving. He was seventeen and as supple as a cat, and the pike-pole and the peavey were the joy of his life.

So habitually does the public mind associate these two builders that it becomes a study in psychology to consider them apart. A few wise ones have settled it that Mackenzie is the financial end of the system while Mann is the practical head. But while Mackenzie makes most of the trips to the land of the Bank of London, Mann

quietly camps on the trails of Canadian Parliaments and Legislatures, and beats up possibilities in places like Atikokan iron mines and Port Arthur blast furnaces, and Moose Mountain iron mines and Key Harbor ore docks, not to mention the probability of a smelter on Ashbridge's Bay in Toronto. And Mackenzie worked right alongside of Mann on the contracts of the Canadian Pacific Railway and other Western lines, and banged about in the woods getting out ties back of Lindsay, while Mann did river-driving and shingle-sawing and broad-axing tamarac and cedar ties in Michigan and Parry Sound and up in the woods about Peterboro. They happen to be a remarkable team that grew up like boys to the business of railroading; they bunked together on contracts and together they saw the possibilities of the Saskatchewan valley. Separated, neither of them would be half as strong as the combination. But if either Mann or Mackenzie were put down in the middle of a new continent, he would build a railroad and come out in a Pullman—or if necessary a handcar.

Mann's life story, however, is big enough to study by itself. He was born on a farm near Acton. But there was no pastoral charm for young Donald on the farm. He was big enough to pull stumps, but he had no appetite for grubbing. At school he was not passionately fond of books. It is not even recorded that he ever wrote an essay on the Saskatchewan valley. In fact, when Mann was a boy he knew no more about the prairies than he did about the moon. It was the woods he knew most about. Acton was not far from the woods—and it was on one of the slowest lines of road in the world. Those days they burned cordwood on the Grand Trunk; and Mann took a few contracts getting out cordwood for those elongated fire-boxes that had never smelled soft coal.

INTENDED by his Presbyterian father for a preacher, if Dan Mann had gone into theology as thoroughly as he has into railroading he would have been the Rev. D. D. Mann, D. D., by the time he was old enough to vote.

In Acton Mann had become handy with the broad-axe—which in the late sixties and early seventies when he was growing up was much used in getting out barn timbers. When he left home in 1871 and struck out to the lumber woods of Alpena, Michigan, his first job was river-driving. He was seventeen and as supple as a cat, and the pike-pole and the peavey were the joy of his life. He had been so long hankering to get away from the Acton farm that this plunge into the Michigan wilds made him forget the old schoolmaster at Acton that used to reason with his father that Donald would never amount to much, he was afraid. He learned timber as natively as the duck learns water. When he got tired driving logs down the rivers he went into a shingle mill. After that he quit Michigan and crossed over to Ontario. Back to the headwaters of the Trent he went and did anything he was set to do by the camp boss—learning all there was to know about the axe and the skid-road and the drive. At Parry Sound he had charge of camps and drives. Parry Sound has good reason to remember him. Nobody in those years when Mann was a young river driver and camp boss and expert on pork and beans, reckoned that in thirty years' time his private car would bowl up into the town over the line built by Mackenzie and Mann from Toronto, to join up with the main part of a transcontinental threading the wheat belt of the prairie. But when it happened, there were a good many citizens of Parry Sound who remembered Mann.

Parry Sound happens to be the only town of the lumber-jack part of his career that could claim Mann first as a citizen and afterwards as a benefactor. Mann himself in those years had no intention of building a railroad into Parry Sound. In fact, he had not yet got out his first tie. Neither did he

know any more about the iron ore up at Moose Mountain beyond Parry Sound than any other man in the camp. He was just a big restless youth, eager to get away from the old farm out on to the unblazed trails where things were in the raw and in the making.

What more natural than that he should have gone railroading? This came in somewhere about the year that the National Policy got into Canadian politics, and when the Canadian Pacific Railroad was in the building. To Mann the Canadian Pacific Railway was more important than the National Policy. He had nothing to do with practical politics. His first contract getting out bridge and tie timber for the section of the Canadian Pacific Railway east of Winnipeg was his first acquaintance with the wheat belt. He

A FEW WISE ONES HAVE SETTLED IT THAT MACKENZIE IS THE FINANCIAL HEAD OF THE SYSTEM

kept on getting out ties; went west of Winnipeg, following the grade on to the prairie; getting clear away not only from the cultivated farm on the old Grand Trunk, but away from the Ontario bush and the river drive. And till the first transcontinental in Canada was finished Mann took contracts for building sections of the road; learning the job in the easiest way possible over a level prairie, but getting the A B C's for a much bigger purpose than he knew. He also took contracts in the mountains that other men feared to take.

In all those years of pushing out over the prairie, Mann was following an impulse to do the biggest things that were being done. At the same time he was getting the railroad fever; and it is quite likely that the Canadian Northern was partly born in his imagination while he was building sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway along with his partner Mackenzie.

When the Canadian Pacific Railway main line was through; and Calgary, the cow-camp, became a town while Edmonton, two hundred miles north, bit her nails and had to worry along with the Red River carts and flat-bottomed steamboats running up from the head of Lake Winnipeg, Mann built eighty miles of the Manitoba and Northwestern Railway; also forty miles of the Hudson's Bay road from Winnipeg to Oak Point on Lake Winnipeg. Whatever talk there was of a Hudson's Bay route in those days was based on what the great Company that preceded the Canadian Pacific Railway knew about that route, which for two centuries had been their main artery of traffic. As is well known to-day, several railway companies are after the Bay route; and of these the Canadian Northern has the most likely show because of a short line already surveyed from the Pas beyond Prince Albert.

But Maine was the next scene of Mackenzie and Mann's activities. There they built the Canadian Pacific Railway short line; and after that was done, Mr. Mann took a long trip down to South America, where he visited Peru, Ecuador and Chili. Mann's activities in the south are not chronicled, but immediately following his return, Mr. H. S. Holt, of Montreal, along with Mr. James Ross, became associated with the two

FALLINGBROOK, MR. MANN'S RESIDENCE ON THE LAKE SHORE, NEAR TORONTO
The estate is a beautiful park of 106 acres, heavily timbered.

builders in a series of side lines north and south from the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway—two from Calgary and one from Regina. Macleod the cow town wanted a road, because up to that time—this was in 1889—all the freight for the ranchers in that district had to come in by way of freight wagons from Fort Benton; the lumbering old stager with the caboose behind—you may still see a relic of this old wagon route stacked up against a log shack in Macleod.

Prince Albert and Edmonton both wanted roads—because they depended on the Red River carts from Calgary and the flat-bottomed stern-wheel steamers that churned up the Saskatchewan from the head of Lake Winnipeg at about the same gait and style that the Battleford ferry does to-day.

This leads to a glance back at the way the trade routes of the West have developed since the days of Rupert's Land. Back first of all to the Hudson's Bay steamers and the York boats; back to the palmy days of old Fort Churchill, now a memory and a prospective terminus for a new railroad. In those days the sixteen-oared big boats of the great Company rowed by their own half-breed and Indian voyageurs were the only way of getting goods up to the fur posts on the Saskatchewan—to Prince Albert and Fort a la Corne and Fort Carlton and Fort Pitt and Edmonton. Then the white settler and the Red River cart from Fort Garry—long before the first transcontinental was built. Next the Canadian Pacific Railway, and still the carts along with the river steamers plying up and down from Grand Rapids. Then the side lines from the railroad tying up the steamers and putting the carts off the trail.

So it was that the two north towns got railway connection; that was between 1889 and 1892.

It was at this point in a long career of successful linebuilding that Mr. Mann went to China and came back without having built a road; went into mining in British Columbia—and if you would find the natural beginning of the Atikokan iron mines between Port Arthur and Winnipeg, the blast furnace at Port Arthur, the Moose Mountain mine back of Sudbury, the ore docks

down at Key Harbor on Georgian Bay and the fourteen-million-dollar coal mines at Nanaimo, B. C.,—you will find it in the list of mines pioneered by Mr. Mann in British Columbia, before he began to build a mile of road for the Canadian Northern.

The genesis of this, the second transcontinental in Canada, took place in 1895, when Mr. Mann secured an option on the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Co. This Company had projected a line from Portage la Prairie to Lake Winnipegosis, via Dauphin, which was a settlement one hundred miles from the nearest station on the Canadian Pacific Railway. But Mann had no money to build a road even that distance; and it was only when Mr. Mackenzie offered to go in with him and build the short line to the wheat that the real idea of the Canadian Northern began to be.

That line became the progenitor of the Canadian Northern with its more than twelve hundred miles of road running right into the wheat fields, its four hundred and twenty-seven miles of spout between Winnipeg and Port Arthur; its short line from Toronto to Sudbury and its projected line from Sudbury to Port Arthur —as well as the lines both built and acquired in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

Some men are born a hundred years too soon; others are the best part of a hundred years behind the times—no matter how bad the times may be—but it happened that Dan Mann was born in the nick of time and of opportunity. Not that Canada would not have worried along without either Mann or Mackenzie, and probably have got there just the same—given a little more time; but it must be remembered that these two builders owe a great big debt to one fact; just as big a debt as the country owes them. They came along with the needful, hard-whacking experience as trail-blazers, just when Canada had begun to open her doors to the opportunity-knocker. It happened that the real swing in Canadian development came just about the time that the progenitors of the Canadian Northern built that first kindergarten line into the Dauphin country. Two years afterwards the real tide of immigration set in—the new National Policy. Quite apart from politics and largely independent of any one man, or party, or set of men, the West opened the imaginary frozen door of the wheat-belt and let in Mackenzie and Mann. There never in the world was a better time to build a developmental railroad than in the decade between 1895 and the year that the first through Saskatchewan train ran into Edmonton. What has been done since has grown out of that big backbone.

The story of that road is pretty well known, and the activity of its promoters has been talked about by everybody able to read a newspaper. It is the story of ore and of wheat, of smelters and elevators; of docks and ships and mines; of new towns in the making—towns built while you wait; nearly two hundred of them between Port Arthur and Edmonton, and hundreds more to come with the march of the wheat.

How much of this is Mann and what Mackenzie; and what of it is due to the great awakening that struck this country just about the time the Canadian Northern was born, nobody is able to say.

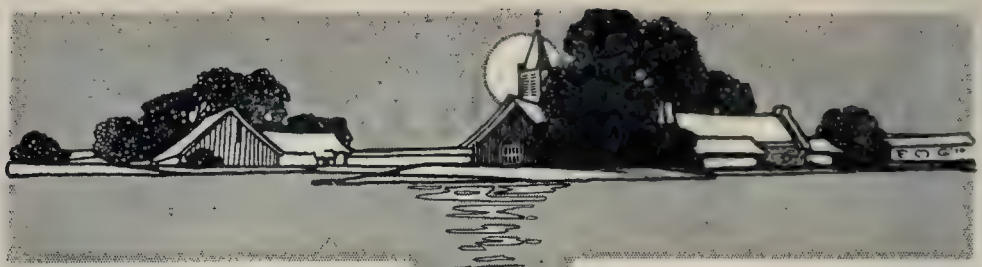
The Miracle of Michael Joulin

by Arthur Stringer

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

This story has an interest quite apart from its own narration. It was founded on a story which I heard told by word of mouth nearly twelve years ago, when along with the late Archibald Lampman, I sat up to the wee sma' hours of the night in the Montreal home of William Henry Drummond, listening to stories of Canada and Canadian life. This tale, one of the anecdotes recounted during the evening, so impressed itself on my memory, that I asked the narrator if I might make use of it, and a few months later wrote it out. Several of my New York friends, to whom I showed it, objected to it on the ground of the complexity of the dialect in which it was cast, and the manuscript was put away and forgotten. Then, oddly enough, some ten years ago, the old Wanamaker's "Everybody's Magazine" printed a story from Dr. Drummond's pen, of precisely the same setting and practically the same characters. On investigation, I found that the author of "The Habitant" had been equally impressed by that original narrative, and had worked it out after his own ideas. The little sketch is here presented, therefore, not as a rival to Dr. Drummond's effort and claim, but as a more or less interesting example of how two authors may approach the same anecdote from different view-points.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

"I DON' know w'at you mean w'en you see dat crazee Lavoie go down dat rapide an' call heem de meeracle for sure. De honly meeracle I was ever hear 'bout was dat one w'at happen Michael Joulin down hon Ste. Anne de Beaupre. I nevaire tol' you 'bout



dat meeracle ? Dat's fonny t'ing, I t'ink ! Wail, I tail you now de bes' I can.

" She all happen jus' b'fore de las' 'lection, w'en de Committee down hon Kebeck don' know how dat 'lection will go for sure, wedder she be Tory or wedder she be Greet. So de Committee go to dat Michael Joulin an' tail heem : ' We geev you t'ree dollaire a day an' all de monee for de expense if you mak' de canvass from St. Alphonse up to T'ree Reever on de St. Lawrence, an' fin' hout how de peep' t'ink dat 'lection will go, an' mak' de peep' vote de right way.'

" Wail, dat Joulin he near bust heemself when he hear dat. For he was de mos' lazies' man I never see. I t'ink he was ver' mooch lak de Injun, for he t'ink he die for sure if he do de leetle piece work. Wail, he say wit' heemself dat's de nice sof' job, so he tail dem ver' wail, on'y, he say, it was been ver' lonely to go t'rough all dat country widout no company. Den he tail de Committee dat he would lak to tak' hees frien' Bateese Bisson wit' heem, too. De Committee say a'right, dey geev Bisson two dollaire a day if he come too, for dey don' know dat Bateese Bisson was de more lazy man dan dat Joulin heemself, an' dat he die for sure if he do t'ree days' work in one year.

" So dat Michael Joulin an' dat Bateese Bisson buy all de fine clo'es, an' de red necktie, an' de plug-hat, an' start out for mak' dat canvass. Dey go down de reever, an' I t'ink dey mak' de canvass 'bout t'ree day, w'en dey get tire', an' say to ail wit' dose 'lection, I t'ink we mak' de good time on all dose monee. So dey smoke de long black cigar, an' dreenk t'ree four quart w'iskee blanc, an' mak' de beeg time sure 'nough, an' bigosh, de firs' t'ing dey know, dat Committee get mad an' say dey t'ink dey was no good an' don' want no more canvass lak' dat, t'anks to you. An', by gar, dey don' send no more monee, an' dat Joulin he find heemself two t'ree honder mile from w'ere he leev, an' don' know how to get back on de house nohow.

" ' I t'ink, Bateese,' he say, ver' *triste*, ' mebbe we have de long walk home dees time.'

"An' Mike Joulin—hees modder call heem Mike, I t'ink, for he was one-half Frainch an' de odder half Irish—dat Mike Joulin he mak' de beeg groan an' say it was de hard worl' w'ere de honest man have to do de t'ing lak' dat. But dey have spen' all de monee, an' dey ver' soon fin' dey have nodding to eat w'en dey stay dere. So dey begin an' walk up de reever. An' dey get de water-blister on de foot, an' de pain in de laig, an' de dogs bite holes in all dose fine clo'es, an' dey don' mak' de bodder to wash de face, an', bigosh, dey look lak' de two ol' beggar for sure 'nough. An' I t'ink dey was mos' starve, for dey won' do no work on de farm, an' w'en dey go on de farm of de habitant an' hax for dose grub, de femme stan' in de door an' she say 'ow two beeg strong men lak' dat mus' be ver' lazy, bigosh, not to do de leetle work sometime. An' den de dog come out, mebbe, an' Mike get so mad inside he 'mos' go crazee on de head, an' say it was de sacredam gouvernement at Ottawa w'at do all dat to ruin de country so de hones' man can't leev nohow.

" But somet'ing happen w'at change all dat, for one day Mike see a beeg wooden laig w'at was hang up on de

blacksmit' shop at Ste. Helene. An' w'en he see dat, de tear come on hees eye, an' he say, ' Bateese, if we honly had jus' de leetle monee to buy dat laig, I t'ink maybe we save our life dees time.' Den he hax de blacksmit' w'at weel he take for dat laig, an' de blacksmit' say he weel geev heem dat laig if dey saw up de one cord wood for heem an' pile heem in de woodshed.

" Wail, Mike an' Bateese get de bucksaw, an' I t'ink dey almos' die w'en dey try to saw dat wood. Bateese, he geev up t'ree four times every day, an' say to ail wit' de ol' wooden laig. But Mike he don' say nodding, but wipe de sweat off from hees neckan' sit down an' count all de stick she have left on dat wood-pile.

" It tak' dem 'bout one whole wick, I t'ink, b'fore dey saw all dat wood, but w'en dey get de ol' wooden laig Bateese he see sure 'nough dat Mike has de long head after all. For Mike tak' dat wooden laig an' feexes heem wit' de straps on hees own laig, jus' onder de knee, an', by gar, you t'ink he was de lame man for sure 'nough.

"An', by cripes, after dat dey get de beeg dinner an' de pork an' bean, no matter w'ere dey hax for heem, for dat Mike he mak' de solemn face, an' he tail all de peep' how he have de paralize on de laig, an' was de cripple for all hees life ; an' he spik ver' *triste* 'bout how dat laig was die right on heem, an' she have no more feel in heem dan de fence-post. Bigosh, all dose habitants feel ver' bad 'bout dat laig, an' geev Mike an' Bateese de sof' bed an' de beeg dinner w'enever dey hax for heem.

" But Louis Charland, w'at mak' de canvass for de Greets, he hear 'bout dat trick w'at Mike play, an' he mak' de hurry an' tail all de peep' w'at dat Michael Joulin do. An' de nex' time

"BUT MIKE, HE DON' SAY NODDING, BUT WIPE DE SWEAT FROM OFF HEES NECK, AN' COUNT ALL DE STICK SHE HAVE LEF' ON DAT WOODPILE"

w'en Mike mak' de solemn face an' tail 'bout hees laig w'at was paralize so bad, de girls all stick de pin in de laig an' say dat it was too bad, an' den de ol' man come an' stick de pin in hees laig, too, an' say dat was fonny he don' feel dat, till Mike he pretty near die, an' yail out, ' Sacre Tonnerre ! ' an' ron out de house an' say he t'ink he die wit' de blood-poison.

"An' I t'ink mebbe he die sure 'nough on'y 'bout dat time he come on de village of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Den he slap hees laig ver' sodden, an' say, ' Bateese, I t'ink mebbe we have to mek' de leetle meeracle here 'bout dat laig w'at have de paralize.'

" Mebbe you don' know 'bout Ste. Anne de Beaupre, m'sieu ? Wail, dat's de mos' wonderful place on all de worl', w'ere all de peep' come, an' w'ere dey have de shrine an' mak' all de meeracle. Dat Mike Joulin he see how nice an' kind all de peep' an' all de priest was to de ones dat got de cure, an' he do de

mos' wicked t'ing I never see. *L'Enfant*, I don' t'ink I never heard 'bout no more worse t'ing dan he did. Bigosh, he go in de procession wit' all de sick pilgrim, an' march to de church lak' he was almos' not able to walk nohow, an' w'en de time for de meeracle come dat Mike Joulin he jomp up on hees seat an' yail like he see two t'ree honder *loups garou*, an' pull off dat wooden laig an' yail dat he was cure of de paralize for sure. An' he t'row de wooden laig up wit' all de res' of de crutch an' de bandage, an' march up to de shrine an' say he was never so happy in all hees life. An' all de peep' cry out, 'A meeracle ! A meeracle ! ' An' all de kind ol' priest tak' dat Mike Joulin an' hees frien' Bateese off to de Presbytére w'ere dey hax all 'bout hees wooden laig, an' geev heem de gran' beeg dinner. An' de Sisters from de Convent geev heem some more dinner, an' all de peep' hax heem 'bout de meeracle, an' he t'ink he was de great man for sure 'nough.

" Mike, he look at Bateese an' wink wit' de eye an' say, 'I t'ink, Bateese, dees was de nice sof' job w'at suit us de good long time, mebbe.' An' Bateese, he wink back wit' de eye an' rub heemself where hees dinner was put, an' say dat Mike was have de long head for sure.

" Wail, dey leev lak' dat t'ree four days, an' feel mos' happy an' satisfy, when de peep' on Ste. Anne fin' out dey was de mos' lazies' men w'at dey never see, an' dey say, ' By gar, I t'ink we don' geev dose beeg loafers no more dinner.' An' w'en Mike an' Bateese find dat out, dey don' know what dey goin' do. So Mike he go to de pries' an' hax heem ver' bold for de ol' wooden laig. But de pries' he say no, dat laig belong on de church lak' all de odder wooden laigs. Den Mike cry wit' de eye an' rub hees laig wit' hees han', an' say he t'ink de paralize was come back an' he can't walk no more widout dat laig nohow.

" Ver' wail, de pries' say, dey mak' heem nice new wooden laig on de village for two dollaire. Den dat Joulin he swear t'ree four hunder' sacredams, an' shak' hees fist at de pries' an' say ver' wail. An' dat night, bigosh, dey fin' heem w'en he was climb out de church window wit' hees ol' wooden laig, an' he say he was walkin' in hees sleep, but dey say a'right, he can go to jail in hees sleep, too. An' so dey sen' him to jail for seex mont's, for try steal from de church lak' dat. Mebbe dat laig was Mike Joulin's, an' seex mont's look lak' de long time. But Mike Joulin wasn't so sorry over dat, on'y w'en de judge he say he t'ink Mike better tak' hees seex mont's wit' hard labor. Dat mak' Mike almos' die, an' den he feel sorry 'bout dose meeracle, by gar ! Dat meeracle was de mos' wicked t'ing dat I never see."

BITTERSWEET

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

ONE would not take the rose
Because the thorn was there,
For that alone he chose
No blossom sweet and fair,
Yet every rose that blooms
Hides thorns that may bring pain;
To lose its rare perfumes
For that would be but vain.
More happy they who, night or morn,
See but the rose, o'erlook the thorn.

PEACE RIVER FARMERS LISTENING TO A LECTURE ON FARMING BY H. A. CRAIG, OF ALBERTA'S DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

A PETTICOATED PILGRIM IN THE NORTH

BY KATHARINE HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

SINCE the days when Franklin and Back first landed their canoes at old Fort Chipewyan, marvellously few outsiders have visited the Canadian North—and this, although for the past twenty-six years the Hudson's Bay Company has maintained a big flat-bottomed steamer on the Mackenzie River with accommodation for at least forty passengers.

Perhaps it is not to be expected that a company of fur-traders would advertise for tourists, or very widely proclaim the scenic beauties of the heart of its richest territory : tourists are not conducive to the best interests of the fur trade, and settlers ruin it. So, outside of the mad rush of Klondykers in 1898, the north has remained a land apart, enjoyed by Indians, fur-traders, and missionaries—with visits from a score or so of scientists and writers : men like Ogilvie, Tyrrell and Preble, Emerson Hough, Warburton Pike, Stefansson, Thompson-Seton and Radford—with an occasional sportsman like Lord Lonsdale or the Comtesse de St. Pierre; a traveller and hunter of some note who went in north three years ago; and a few tourists, such as Miss Taylor, who went down to the Arctic twenty-six years ago.

In 1908, Dr. Howie, of New York, came out, having spent a year in there, and in the same year Agnes Deans Cameron, and her niece, made the summer trip down the Mackenzie. This summer trip down the Mackenzie to the Arctic is one of the most healthful pleasure-jaunts in the world, and considered as a journey into a little-known country one of the most luxurious. It is by water all the way, after the one-hundred mile stageroute from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing is passed. The first two hundred and fifty miles of the Athabasca River, covered in a few days, is made comfortably enough in york boats. Thereafter, with the Rapids passed, the mode of travel is somewhat commonplace in a well-equipped steamer, but the pristine freshness of the land, the quaintness of the old trading-posts met at intervals, and the individuality of the northern people, lends to the entire trip a fascination equal to anything one imagines before going in.

The voyage around the Athabasca and Peace Rivers—the other northern tour—entails more difficulty and variety than the Arctic trip, as frequently, to make steamer connections, it necessitates a voyage of some hundred miles by canoe or raft, alone with Indian guides. This, however, I found, only added to its picturesque quality and enjoyment, while here, as on the Mackenzie, no real hardships are met with.

But a new era is at hand ; the north waits on the edge of great things. The railway survey gangs are headed into the wilderness, and the speedy opening-up of the north is assured.

Before long, a tide of investors, sight-seers and settlers will flow in by Pullmans and colonist cars. Before their concerted assault the mysterious old north will surrender all its claims to mystery. But if it lose the charm that hangs about it in the stories of Parker and others, it will reveal new charms, and an admirable utility at which the fiction-makers do not even hint. When this tourist route, via the Athabasca and Mackenzie to the Arctic, is proclaimed in two continents, as it will be within a decade, it will be of interest to recall that the first woman tourist to the Canadian Arctic was an American girl—Miss Taylor, the daughter of the United States consul at Winnipeg, who made the trip down to Fort MacPherson twenty-six years ago.

Like those who have gone down since then, she found the wild roses blooming at those northern posts, and probably that year at MacPherson, as in 1909, the thermometers registered over 90 degrees on the steamer. Although the first tourist, Miss Taylor was by no means the pioneer white woman traveller there. She was preceded by Miss French, an Irish lady who went in to the Arctic in the Company's care on the first trip of their steamer to meet and marry there her fiancé, a young English clergyman. And even before this, many decades earlier, the Company's traders had brought their white wives in here by canoes, while the Grey Nuns of Montreal had come in york boats to establish their big schools at Fort Providence and Chipewyan.

In many ways these pioneer women had veritable hardships to contend with ; the travelling for two or three months by york boats or scows was wearisome, and their menu at the posts often consisted solely of dried meat or fish. Flour was so rare a luxury that a tiny round cake of it once or twice a day was the dole for each person. A Grey Nun at Chipewyan told me that on her first arrival at Fort Providence twenty-seven years ago she undertook to pick raspberries and make a tart out of the day's entire allowance of flour. The other nuns were in the class-room and in the wash-house doing the week's laundry : she was young, and unused to cooking at an open fire, and the tart, by some ill-chance, was burnt to a crisp !

She told me the story last summer with laughter, but on that first day she wept, and would not be consoled.

Mrs. Stringer, the wife of Bishop Stringer, spent some years, as did another missionary's wife, on Herschell Island, in the Arctic. Two of Mrs. Stringer's children were born there, and undoubtedly this capable woman knew her share of pioneering. On one occasion, too, some of the captains of the whaling-fleet brought their wives to Herschell Island, and during the winter there, these bright American women, with the undaunted energy of their nation, organized a fancy-dress ball, which was as hilariously enjoyable as it was unique.

However, white women are still so rare in the north that to be a white woman, and alone there, is in itself a royal passport. I experienced this at every turn in my northern tour, and very pleasantly the day before I reached the ruins of old Fort McLeod. That evening the steamboat put into shore and landed me at the head of the settlement on the Fort Dunvegan trail. The first settler I met was a Mr. Carson, who told me that two years before he had thrown up a position as travelling salesman for this Peace River homestead and brought his sister out from Ontario with him. I saw, too, that high on the uplands—where L. M. Macoun once reported that grain would not ripen—he had

twenty acres of wheat and oats, and I have since heard that this matured, yielding handsomely.

When I had looked over their farm, their little saw-mill and grist-mill, and the unkempt gardens of their Indian neighbors, they drove me on over the park-like trail to the home of the ex-member of Peace River district, a son of the first Church of England missionary on the Peace. I could not choose my hour for calling, because if you miss the Peace River steamer even by a few hours you must camp on the river-side a month to await its return—as the British Columbia Commissioner, F. C. Campbell, did last June at Peace River Crossing. By previous arrangement with the Hudson's Bay Company, or the Revillon Freres, Indian guides may be secured to take one on in a canoe, but this is not easily practicable on short notice, as I experienced at Vermilion later.

COMMISSIONER CAMPBELL IN CAMP AT THE CROSS'NG—IF YOU MISS THE PEACE RIVER STEAMER, YOU MUST POSSESS YOUR SOUL IN PATIENCE AND CAMP FOR A MONTH TO AWAIT ITS RETURN

We found the legislator's family about to retire, but our knocking brought the genial man himself to the door—clad in up-to-date pajamas. He greeted us cordially, less surprised than I had expected at the unannounced arrival of the visitor from town. I was slowly learning that northerners are never surprised. Life on land and water trails, where telegrams are unknown and letters rare, has led them to expect the unexpected: so they say—"You never know what you will meet around the corners."

Coming away in the darkness we had to dodge not only the inevitable dogs, but two young moose roaming in the inner yard, and outside there were the sleeping cattle and hogs of this prosperous homestead. We drove on to another log-house, the home of the English missionary, whose wife, a refined young Englishwoman, was also roused by our knocking, and welcomed me to spend the night. We talked far into the night, for a white woman from outside with news only a few weeks old is something not met with every year on the Peace. As the talk ran on to a variety of things, and I saw for myself the privations and devotion of the everyday life of the northern missionary, my mind registered its admiration for this woman, as it had at Lesser Slave Lake for the genial, great-hearted old nun whom I had been privileged to accompany when she was suddenly called at eight o'clock one evening to go to an Indian teepee a mile away to dress an Indian's wound.

The next day, with the aid of Alex MacKenzie, a picturesque, retired old trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, I traced in the ruins of old Fort McLeod the plan of its defensive palisade and bastions, the store and warehouses, the house of the Bourgeois and

THE DUSKY DIMNESS OF A FUR STOREHOUSE AT EDMONTON
Here are piled thousands of dollars' worth of black and brown and silvery skins

Indian Hall. The Fort was built by Alexander MacKenzie in 1793 on his overland voyage to the Pacific, but before many years it was abandoned and the post moved west to Fort Dunvegan.

This old stronghold of the Company —for many decades its headquarters on the Peace—has dwindled down to four or five log buildings about the grassy courtyard. Intermarriage has sapped the strength and numbers of the Beaver Indians who trade there, and a transcontinental railway took away the need of a fur brigade going over the mountains to the Pacific posts from Dunvegan. The Fort to-day has only a couple of native retainers instead of fifty. A ferry has been built here by the Alberta Government, and now frequently in summer the quiet of the old fort is broken by the arrival of tired settlers in prairie-schooners and ox-wagons, heralds of the new regime, who have driven over five hundred miles from Edmonton, and are bound for the settlements at Spirit River or the Grand Prairie.

At Fort St. John this year, Commissioner Campbell set up his official Lares and Penates for the British Columbia Government. This post always has been a lonely place. To-day no echo of the new settlement reaches it, but prospectors on their way to the Finlay goldfields make it a stopping-place. On my arrival, three young men were in camp there waiting for our boat to bring their mail. As soon as they read it, they packed their ponies and pitched off along the Finlay trail. . . The next day I was the sole passenger on the steamer, as it made its one annual trip to Hudson's Hope, the last post on the Peace. In the afternoon we saw small moving specks on the great hillsides that border this beautiful river ; it was the prospectors' pack-train. At Hudson's Hope, while the boat-crew was hoisting the Company's goods up to the top of the cliff,

I walked with one of the post's clerks and the boat's engineer six miles along an old overgrown hunter's trail to the Canyon, through which this great river emerges in tumult from the Rockies. The walking was so difficult that the tramp occupied six hours, but it brought us through some very fine timber growing in rich loamy soil, while the delicious strawberries on the clearing at the post offered ideal refreshment on our return.

I waited—to find the Crossing more beautiful even than I had imagined it. It is here in a broad, high-walled green valley that the Peace and Smoky meet. They are two majestic silver streams—the Peace alone being almost a mile wide. The Crossing's elusive charm—its great distances, its fairy greens and young trees in Runic design, its hills' "most wonderful dimplement"—have resisted translation by any camera that has yet gone into the Peace. . . . When I saw it first, I understood why it had lured an old miner back from Kansas to see the Peace again and end his days there, and why old Twelve-Foot Davis, when he reached the "end of the trail," had begged to be buried on one of the Peace River hills.

A HALF-BREED FAMILY OF THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY
The race of Metis has in its veins some of the hardiest blood of Scotland, France and the Orkneys

That old-timer at Fort Dunvegan told me that in his trips inland north of the Peace he had passed over vast areas of fertile land, partly wooded and in part prairie. Similarly, last autumn, the member for Peace River district—J. K. Cornwall—stated his belief that there were over 20,000,000 acres of agricultural land along both sides of the river. It is a well-known fact that wheat has been successfully grown in the Mackenzie district at Fort Simpson and Fort Liard, the latter only twenty miles east of the Yukon territory. Years ago the French missionary priest at Fort Liard raised good wheat every year, and ground his mission's supply in his coffee-mill.

However, the Mackenzie district will

not likely be opened up for settlement for several years yet, as there are such vast tracts of excellent land available south of it. The points of farming settlement now existing in the north are all in the Peace River and Athabasca districts, notably at Lesser Slave Lake, where over 30,000 bushels of oats alone were raised last year ; at Grande Prairie and Spirit River along Upper Peace, and at Fort Vermilion. All the way along the Peace River trail my half-breed driver pointed out to me the camping-places of the "Bull Outfit "—a group of four women and thirty-seven men from Ontario who went in ahead of me in prairie-schooners to settle in a colony west of the Grande Prairie. Most of the men held South African scrip, which entitles each holder to 320 acres. These wise pioneers brought money with them to buy necessary provisions for a couple of years until the railway construction begins there. At present, settlers in here can only sell a limited quantity of oats to survey parties and others.

One afternoon on the Peace River trail, in one of the rare rainstorms I met in the north, I saw a squalid tent —eight by ten or less—pitched on one of the prairies that dot this trail. A few horses and hogs were grazing near and as we drove up a man came out of the dingy tent, where a comrade lay asleep. I was very glad to see the cheery, dishevelled little man, for since we left Lesser Slave Lake the morning before, he was the first human being we had met. He wanted to trade some old magazines for new ones. I had not any, and could only offer him some provisions when I heard that his were running low. The cattle we saw about were thoroughbreds, he told us, that he had already driven over four hundred miles from Edmonton.

And as so often occurred on the old Oregon trail, one valuable calf had sprained its leg six days before and was unable to travel. The men pitched camp, waiting for the leg to mend. Their provisions began to run low, and they were sometimes tempted to butcher the calf. The light democrat I had hired was loaded to its utmost capacity, so I could not take the calf on to the Crossing, but the poor fellow was delighted at our news that a half-day behind us there was a truck-wagon with four men only, and when we drove off he was seeing visions of his calf landed in some pleasant farm-yard, with weeks before him for recovery.

The buoyant spirit of this new country radiated from that man, who simply would not let himself be cast down. He had known farming in England and in the Western States, but he was confident that Grande Prairie despite its pioneer hardships, was the best of all. Moreover, he had chanced to meet a leading C. P. R. official at Edmonton, and he was going home rapturously certain that within a very few years a branch of that road would tap his district. . . . .

At Fort Vermilion, I saw in Sheridan Lawrence's granaries over 6,000 bushels of grain, mostly wheat. It was there because the Hudson's Bay mill would not meet his demands for a cash payment ; undoubtedly, his spirit of independence is fostered by his absolute belief that a railway will soon touch on the Peace. Meanwhile, he mills some of his own grain, cultivates five hundred acres of land, raises one hundred hogs yearly, and cures the pork, making most delicious ham and bacon which he sells to the other settlers, to the trading-posts of the Revillon Freres, and to prospectors and Indians.

While telling me that the summer before Vermilion farmers had raised 35,000 bushels of wheat, and 90,000 bushels of other grain, which was threshed by his own and the Company's steam-threshers, Mr. Lawrence recalled that when his father first settled near here in 1885 as a missionary worker, the family lived on barley flour, because they thought it useless to try to raise wheat so far north. Likewise, they would only sow crops down in the valley by the river. Now they raise good wheat on the uplands, and over thirty farms are worked by half-breeds and whites. Driving on the pleasant trails through the settlement north and south of the river, I found it difficult to realize I was seven hundred miles northwest of Edmonton and railways, and not in some colony of

JEAN REVILLON OF REVILLON FRERES ON THE LONG TRAIL TO THE NORTH

THE "NIGGER" IS THE HANDIEST THING ABOARD A RIVER STEAMER—EVERYTHING IS DONE WITH ITS AID FROM YANKING THE BOAT OFF A SAND-BAR TO TYING UP A PACKAGE OF LUNCH

New Ontario. Only the delightful atmosphere and brilliant sunshine assured me I was still in Alberta.

Each year brings fresh proof of the agricultural possibilities of the Peace. Last summer at Little Red River I saw crops and vegetables growing which were better than those at Vermilion, and the two men squatted on homesteads at this point claim that when the outside knows more of the north, that a railway will be extended from Fort McMurray north-west to the Vermilion Falls, and a great city will spring up there. This is a most beautiful portion of the Peace, with fine agricultural land to the south, which Surveyor Ponton states extends far inland. Across the magnificent falls, which will some day furnish immense quantities of industrial energy—beyond green stretches of poplar woods and open prairie—lie the Cariboo Hills. North of these is the range of the last herd of wild buffalo.

" You need no other proof that there is good land north of the Cariboo," old-timers told me ; " for the buffalo pick out for themselves the best portions of country with fine bunch-grass and plenty of water."

In addition to the agricultural wealth of the millions of acres of fertile land in the Peace River and Athabasca districts, there are immense coal deposits known to lie south of the Peace, while the Athabasca region is rich in coal, tar, salt, oil, gypsum and natural gas. The borings for oil have already resulted in a rich flow of crude oil, and much more is looked for when the operations are extended.

To one fresh from the outside, there must always be a pleasant shock of surprise to come upon the old-time settlements of the traders and missionaries. The sunny, green courtyards of the forts have echoed for over a hundred years the doings of the traders and Indians ; some of them have heard stern shouts of primitive warfare, but now the log-buildings and gardens have a mellow atmosphere as of home. Tomatoes, celery and corn are ripened in these gardens along the Peace, and most of the flour eaten there is ground at the Company's mill at Vermilion, or at the mill of the Catholic Mission at Peace River Crossing, smaller mills being operated by Sheridan Lawrence and " Bill " Carson.

The fine, large, balconied buildings erected at some points by the Catholic missionaries, their fine farms and luxuriant gardens, are not, as one might suppose at first, an evidence of their wealth, but the result of unceasing voluntary labor and self-denial that exists to the present. These French missionaries and their confreres, the lay-brothers, cut down trees in the woods, saw them now in their own little mills, as in the first days priests and bishops hewed the sticks of timber to make their log cabins ; and they design and construct their churches, schools and residences themselves.

Then they paint and decorate the interiors as Father Pettitot, the noted scientist, did at Fort Good Hope during his trying stay in the Arctic ; as Bishop Faraud and Bishop Grouard did in Chipewyan, or Bishop Clut at Lesser Slave Lake, when too old and weak for the more strenuous missionary work and travels, he cleared with his own hands all the brushwood and stones from what is now the grassy courtyard and rich gardens of Lesser Slave Lake mission.

No less active, although their numbers are much smaller, are the Church of England missionaries, these two bands of workers dividing the Christianizing work of the north. At Lake Wabiscaw, one of the English missionaries—Miss Hill, a young woman of ability and refinement—has devoted her life and income to work for the uplift of the Indian.

On my return trip from the Rockies, between Peace River Crossing and Vermilion, I was the only passenger on board the steamer, and so was alone in my astonishment to find, at this last post, wide fields of grain, a large mill and houses lit by electricity, a business-like village, and a marvelously up-to-date residence built there by Lawrence Wilson, the officer in charge of the post.

There were still three hundred miles of the Peace lying between me and old Fort Chipewyan, and I made this por-

THE PELTRIES OF THE PEACE READY FOR SHIPMENT TO THE MARKETS OF THE OLD WORLD

tion of the trip by canoe. I needed that canoe voyage to satisfactorily bridge the difference as well as the distance between these posts, for Chipewyan is the picturesque old fort around which a century ago the war of the rival fur companies waged—and at Vermilion all my ideas of the north had been upset by finding a modern drawing-room, a library with many of the latest books and magazines, mission furniture made at Vermilion under Mrs. Wilson's supervision, a bath-room and a dinner-table that would satisfy the most critical of clubmen.

But once in the canoe with my two Indians, out in the sunshine and remarkable stillness of the Peace, my ideas of the north speedily readjusted themselves. This journey down the Lower Peace was the most quietly delightful portion of the whole tour. It meant eight days of sunlight and stillness, broken by a couple of summer rainfalls, by the portaging across the falls and chutes, and a call at Little Red River post. We camped where nightfall found us on a sandy beach, or in the poplar and spruce forest on the heights. Meals of bannock and bacon and canned goods were eaten about the fragrant camp-fire, and I was more than royally happy and free from care.

One evening, after a rainstorm, and after a glorious ride over the breaking whitecaps of the lake, my canoe glided up to the old Chipewyan landing-place, where decades ago Franklin and Richardson had been welcomed ; where, with cheers and chanted cries, the voyageur crews of the fur brigades had landed. The master of the post was waiting on the shore to welcome me with the fine traditional hospitality of the old traders, and a group of men stood about him—the sight of a strange canoe drawing them from their leisurely game of draughts or the " swapping ' of yarns up at the fort. They were curious in their own quiet way, for they had only once before seen a stranger come in by canoe from Fort Vermilion.

Fort Chipewyan, more than any other post in the northwest, retains the old time atmosphere. The buildings, perched on a rocky cape, command a perfect lookout over the lake, and one readily understands why the North-West Company built their post here in the old days of warfare with the Gentlemen Adventurers, and why the latter took over this post and abandoned their own after the union. The old powder-magazine and sun-dial remain intact, but only the site of the blockhouse gaol remains now. A picturesque palisade still surrounds the courtyard and the solid log buildings ; the gateways are imposing, but empty; no gates clang shut now at dusk, and no watchman marches on sentinel duty about the palisade.

Chipewyan, with its swarms of dogs and languid natives, seems less deserted in summer than other posts of the north, for though the able-bodied Indians and their families pitch off to the woods to hunt, a small village of native people remain. This is probably because Chipewyan was so long headquarters for the Athabasca district, and there is here a larger population of half-breed descendants of the old French-Canadian voyageurs and Orkneymen.

It was here I met the yearly exodus of the Mackenzie district—a motley and interesting group of fur-traders, Mounted Policemen, nuns, priests, prospectors and Church of England missionaries. From Chipewyan we made the trip homeward by steamer for two hundred and fifty miles, and an equal distance up the broken water and rapids of the Athabasca, on clumsy open scows, drawn by Indian rivermen in tracking-harness. . . . . This last is undoubtedly the most picturesque mode of transport on the continent.

How Danny Was Bumped

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

"EVERY woman thinks she's the only one on the face o' the yearth that all the men is after. Especially if she's any better lookin' than a bad dream, but I guess that don't make much difference."

The old showman considered a moment after this pronouncement.

"The reason is, every man is a good deal of a unnecessary liar when he talks with wimmin till after he's married, an' even that don't cure soma them. Tries to make every woman he meets think he thinks she's the picka the hull bar'l. An' they git that so often they come to believe it. The homelier they are, the more they want to. No one of 'em hears what the same men says to all the others. Sometimes it works out a sickenin' calamity to a man. That's how Danny Grogan got his.

"This here Danny Grogan was a peachy young fellow back home, in a little village north of Presq' Isle. I knew that village well.

"His mother was dead, an' his gran'-mother kep' house fer him an' his father an' his little brother Mike. The' was twenty-seven houses in the village, an' twenty-five of 'em sold whiskey. The two that didn't was Danny's father's an' the priest's house. The priest couldn't, an' Danny's father didn't a-dast, because the priest was Danny's mother's brother. The reason the others sold whiskey was because the village was on the road between Lake Ontario an' the big oak-woods. The teamsters that hauled tan-bark to Presq' Isle bay for schooners that took it to the tanneries at Toronto and Rochester useta git drunk there twice every trip—once goin' an' once comin'. It was quite a infunt industry. But it wasn't on accounta the whiskey traffic that Danny got inta the circus business. I'll tell you.

"All the people of this village come from the same part of Ireland and useta know each other there. Every one of them had sumpn on all the rest, so't nobody couldn't start nawthin' without gittin' it from everybody, an' it was quite a peaceable place—fer a mess of Irish. Mosta them was farmers, but one was a blacksmith an' another was a shoemaker. The blacksmith had a big dawg an' minded his own business more'n anyone else in the bunch, but the shoemaker was also the village dentist, an' he was called the one-eyed thief. He only had one eye, so that part of it was easy enough, but the thief part got to him through something that happened in Ireland that I never found out about. Them Irish has lingerin' memories fer things that can take the wind out of each others' sails.

"When anyone had a sore tooth he would go to the cobbler to have it pulled. The cobbler would look up from his work an' say—

" ' Which izzut ? '

"An' then when the patient would show him, he'd say—

" ' Wait till I wax a t'read.'

"An' then he'd wax a pieca thread an' tie one end around the tooth an' the other around a tailor's goose that he'd cabbaged somewhere, and he'd carry this goose around over the backuva old bureau in a corner of the shop an' look acrost the topa the bureau an' say—

" ' Are ye ready ? '

"An' drop the goose. It would always fetch away the tooth an' sometimes a pieca the jaw, an' then the dentist an' the patient would wreck the studio with the biggest kinduva fight, an' when it was over—no matter which licked—the dentist would set up the drinks an' the patient would pay fer the work. The fee was twenty-five cents—no more, no less.

" Well, anyhow. It was this one-eyed thief that sprung it on Danny.

" You see, Danny's father had a long-bar'l'd short gun that fired with a cap. It looked like one o' them property guns the Bedooin Ayrabs throws up an' ketches in their act. It couldn't a-bin less than forty year old, but he was stuck on it—called it a fowlin'-piece, an' had it hangin' on two nails on his bedroom wall, along with a old-fashioned powder horn and a flaska shot. Useta shoot ducks with it in the season, by crawlin' up an' blowin' 'em outa the water whenever he could ketch 'em settin' still enough. When that gun went off, youda thought it was a ton o' dynamite, fer the noise it made. An' it always knocked the old man over. He'd have a lame shoulder fer a week every time he went ' foolin'.'

" The blacksmith's dawg had a vendetta with Danny an' Mike. They was pardners in all the village crime, an' they had so much on with that dawg that they finally concluded to make war medicine fer him.

" One day the old man drove into Cobourg with a loada sumpn, an' these two kids sees their chance. Danny was to git the gun an' sneak out through his uncle's back yard next door, to a place where the' was a loose board in the fence, an' Mike was to go up an' enfewriate the dawg so't he'd chase 'im past, an' when the dawg come opposite to Danny, he was to blow 'im inta ratbait with the gun.

" Danny poured all the powder the' was in the horn into that gun, an' then all the shot, an' filled up the resta the bar'l with tacks an' a wad, an' then he puts a cap on the lock, an' gits out while his granny was gone to a neighbor's to borry a drawin' o' tea. He gits inta position at the loose board, with the gun acrost the stringpiece of the fence, jest as Mike starts a-runnin' an' a-hollerin' with the dawg at 'is heels. Danny sticks his head through an' looks up that way, an'—. Say !

" Over the brow o' the hill he sees his father an' the team, comin' home.

" He makes the sneak of his life right then, an' Mike ain't got wind enough to outrun the dawg, an' the dawg catches up with 'im an' nearly kills 'im. Danny's settin' on the front step lookin' innocent when they bring Mike in, jest as his father drives up.

" The's a council at their house that night—everybody there but the blacksmith. It's in the kitchen, that was likewise the dinin'-room an' parlor, an Mike is there, all done up in strips of stickin' plaster. It's the yewnanimous verdict that the dawg must be shot, an' Danny's father is to do it with that there fowlin'-piece o' his, while the resta them holds the blacksmith.

"Jest then the cobbler up an' says the gun ain't no good. That gits the old man's goat.

" ' No good—no good ! ' says he in Irish, ' I'll show ye ! That's the finest fowlin'-piece that ever come outa Ireland. It'll snap out a candle ten feet away,' says he, ' wid a cap,' he says. That was the way they tested a gun in them days.

" The cobbler cappered the bet. Said if it would blow out a candle, even if it was stuck in the end of the bar'l, he'd pull all the teeth in the village fer nawthin'.

" ' I'll show ye ! ' says the old man, says he. An' he starts fer the bedroom.

" Cue fer exit Danny. He knows what's in that gun, if the old man

"AN' SAY—'ARE YE READY?'—AN' DROP THE GOOSE"

don't. He jest keeps half his face insida the door-jamb, with his knees sprung fer a lightnin' getaway.

" Re-enter the old man with the gun, an' they puts a lighted candlestick on topa the cookstove, an' the old man levels the gun acrost the backuva chair an' screws 'is face up in a careful aim, an'— Say !

" It blew the candle an' the candlestick an' the topa the stove through the kitchen wall, an' made a hole about four feet acrost, an' knocked the old man heels over appetite backwards, breakin' his shoulder-blade an' smashin' the kitchen table, an' fillin' the air with smoke so everybody was chokin'. An' the gun flew sideways an' bashed the cobbler in the face so't it nearly knocked 'is other eye out, an' he ups an' belts the next man to him, an' that starts a general mixup, but Danny's father he jest rolls over an' grabs a table-leg an' lets out a wheeze,

" ' Where's that divil Dan ? '

" Danny never stopped runnin' fer two year, so far's they knew. He slept in the woods that night, an' the next mornin' he crawls aboard a boat at Presq' Isle an' lands in Toronto where he hooks onta a cheap tent-show that was workin' the outskurts. A shurruf buys out this show the next year on the Pacific coast somewheres, an' when Danny drifts home he has samples o' nearly all the mud in North Amurricky on 'im. He snuck up to the backdoor, but—his granny gits 'im before he can light out again, an' of all the things I guess he'd like to ferget to remember the most, the lickin' she gives 'im is the worst. Then she tells 'im to put on some of his father's old clothes by turnin' up the pants an' the sleeves, an' go to work—fer the blacksmith. She has a good deala press-agent slush to sling at 'im, too. Skate morality, an' things that sounds good, but ain't so. Her chorus is,

" ' The rollin' stone gathers no moss.'

" Next season he catches me up at Toronto, when we're there fer a three days' stand, an' puts up some kinduva story that gits 'im a job with the animiles. His father don't find 'im, an' he goes on with us. First I takes 'im out ahead with the paper, but the's too much work in that to suit 'im, I guess, fer he falls back to the show, an' next I see of him he's a full-grown

candy-butcher, friskin' the jays like a old professional. He changes his name about this time to Daniel O'Connell, so's not to disgrace his fambly if he gits into trouble.

" Enda the season he's got a fat bale of money strapped around his right arm above the elbow with a rubber band, and he goes home with two handbags and a trunk, dressed up like a bartender, with a diamond in 'is tie fit to blind ye, an'— Say !

" Whaddya think the granny says when she ketches 'er breath ?

" ' My, my, Danny,' says she, ' it's the rovin' bee gathers the honey,' says she.

"Ain't that jest like a woman ? Show up with the stuff, an' all will be forgiven, with a chance thrown in to go an' sin some more.

" Well, anyhow. I bin led into this by rememb'rin' how Danny got inta the profession. I'm a old hand, musself, an' a long time married, so't sometimes I ferget how attractive professionals is to the wimmin outside. Now, mosta the people in the profession are moral enough, I grant ye. I mean, the performers. I got no use fer them in the business, fer only the sensation acts works up inta printin', an' it's no buried secret in the business that the big acts they have now is fakes—cheap ones, too. Nawthin' like the feachers we useta have in the good old days, when a show was a show an' not a stringa performers an' skallyhoot press-agents drawin' better salaries than the fellers that earn the money fer them.

" Performers are moral enough—that's so. They got to be, because their work calls fer stiddy nurves. But the's a awful lot o' human nacher in men an' wimmin, wherever you find 'em, an' the show business ain't no exception. That was parta what was the matter with Danny.

" We had a legitimate attraction about that time—not so strong as Millie Christine, the two-headed lady that could sing a duet with herself—I never could git the Old Man to let me have her name spelled in full, but only ' Mlle.,' that sounded like a tongue-tied man tryin' to say it—but satisfactory for color work particularly window pieces. They was called the Tasmanian Children. They was undersized, but awful thickset, an' I guess they musta belonged to the original pinhead tribe, fer they had the littlest heads in all this world, an' the broadest shoulders. Their heads wasn't no biggern your fist, but their feachers was good, an' arey one of 'em was as strong as a ox. It'd give ye the jumps first time you looked at 'em, but they was intelligent, an' a big draw fer Sabbath school classes, 'lustratin' the wonders of creation. Hoomioo useta drop on one knee an' hold up his hands wide an' throw that little konk o' his back very appealin' an' say, 'Am not I a man and a brother ? ' an' it useta ketch on every time. Their act was nawthin' but that, an' shakin' hands, an' lyin' about their native land an' the manners an' customs o' the Tasmaniacs. They didn't wear no more clothes than required by law, an' what they did wear was made outa grass mattin'. His was a skurt, an' hers was a mother hubbard.

" They was billed as brother an' sister, but they reelly was man an' wife. They was no exception to the rule of matrimony, neether. They'd scrap like two cats in a bag, sometimes, after the performance, fer Iola was as jealous as a sparrow-headed good looker, an' I don't know as I could blame 'er much, fer the way the outside wimmin useta make up to Hoomioo woulda turned even a sensible man into a fool, an' Hoomioo wasn't sensible. He had a arm like a athulletic Hurcyools, an' a grip like a wringin'-machine, an' a smile a mile wide. An' he was off-color. So was Iola. They useta have me guessin' whether their complexion was sorrel or light bay. On the bills they was said to come from Tasmania, so called because of a mania fer playin' the national game of Tasma-ra. But I bin in Tasmania musself, an' I never seen no people there like them two, fer the natives has short kinky hair, and Hoomioo an' Iola's hair was long an' wavy. They was a paira what-is-its, I guess.

" But they spoke better English than the African Female Amazon, said to have bin captured after a powerful

struggle an' fearful expense by Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated African explorer, while penetratin' the deepest jungles of the dark continent. Her act was a war-dance in a dress made outa barbaric feathers. She useta do this runnin' around in curcles, emittin' strange cries. I guess all the niggers down in Alabama musta come from the same jungles she did, fer she spoke jest like they do. She was married to the nuttiest feller I ever seen in a show. He was a whirlin' Dervish, an' he wore petticoats, an' all he done was to stick his arms out straight an' go round an' round like a eight-day peg-top, till you'd git dizzy lookin' at 'im. No livin' bein' could do that an' keep his brain on a stiddy centre. She useta bat 'im all over the lot sometimes, he was so dumb foolish. His only friend was the famous Persian Astrologer an' Seer, Mazdaznan.

" Old Maz. was a foxy guy, with one blind eye. Useta cast yer horryscope an' read yer pa'm fer a dime, an'—say ! He done more business than any other grafter in the hull organization. All wimmin. He could run the cards, too; but then, so could the snake lady. She useta run 'em fer the wimmin that belonged, jest to oblige, but he wouldn't.

" ' This is business with me,' he would say. ' I ain't got no use fer wimmin, anyhow.' An' I guess you coulda understood that if you coulda seen his wife, fer of all the fishpoles—.

" Danny was a gay boy, an' a librul spender—one o' the best nachered young Irishers I ever seen, an' soft. A easy mark fer any woman. Stick a iernin' board on topuva paira tongs an' put a dress on it, an' Danny'd shin up to it.

" We had a trapeze performer that come awful near runnin' 'im up to the minister fer them fateful words, but she wasn't quite quick enough, fer Danny was a scatterer, an' about the time when she oughta threw the rope he was chasin' off with a bunch o' local skurts on a week stand back east, an' she lost out. Consoled 'erself before the season was over with the Human Cannon Ball, what useta git 'imself shot outuva siege-gun onto a high platform up on the centre-pole while the band stopped playin'. Danny said afterwards that a woman that hung by her toes to a trapeze —he always called it a trapzee, bein' Irish—was liable to have too much brains run into 'er head. The Human Cannon Ball seemed to think so, too, fer she was always sayin' things to 'im that he could n't answer, an' so he'd have to beat 'er a few. That happened about three times a day.

"IT'D GIVE YE THE JUMPS THE FIRST TIME YE LOOKED AT 'IM"

" Well, anyhow. The way the wimmin useta crowd around Hoomioo to say 'oo' when he'd 'most squeeze their hands off an' smile at 'em, had a double effect. It excited the curiosity of the lady snake charmer, and that led to a imbrogglio that got Iola's hump up.

" This snake charmer was a nice fat young woman by the name of O'Ryan in private life, an' she'd handle snakes as free as a country boy handles angle worms. She had a py-thon that was about twenty feet long that she'd curl around herself like a combination boa an' girdle an' sash, while a halfa dozen rattlers an' other obsidians—as the

professor says—crawled around her arms an' ankles. You'd think she was the bravest thing alive, but I seen her jump on a chair one evenin' an' catch up 'er skurts an' screech like a peacock callin' fer rain when a roach that was so big she thought it was a mouse come runnin' acrost the floor of a restaurant where some of us had gone out fer supper between performances. Mice has got it all over wimmin an' elephants. Say !

" She got projectin' around Hoomioo herself. Hadn't paid much attention to him at first, but the wimmin groupin' around 'im like flies around a spot o' molasses, every performance, kinda worked on her curiosity, as I jest said, an' it got into her head that there must be somethin' to it. So she begins to make up to Hoomioo, to find out what it is. First time he shook hands with 'er, she ups an' swats 'im flat in the jaw, an' when that springs 'is smile, an' he holds out his hand again, it ketches 'er, an' the next we know, they're off in corners, talkin' low.

" Danny had bin handing this snake lady bookays an' bong-bongs fer some little time when this begins, an' he lets on he don't care, but it peeks him on the inside, all the same. So when Iola tries to create a diversion by bein' sweet to him, he falls fer it.

" Iola gits him to herself where both Hoomioo and the snake lady can see them, but old Hoomioo, he don't care. He's a lady's man, anyway, an' he lets on to everybody that if Iola wants to make a fool of 'erself with a candy-butcher, fergettin' her own professional standin', letter go ! He says so, in so many words.

" ' I shouldn't oughta got married so young, anyway,' says he. I spiled my market,' he says. ' Look at 'er,' says he. ' If she was a artch-angel, he says, ' with seventeen different colors of feathers in 'er wings,' says he, ' she couldn't be any more stuck on 'erself,' or words to that effect, as the feller says. ' Insteada which,' says he, 'jest look at 'er yerself, if you want to be drove to drink.'

"An' the snake lady laffed. 'Ain't you the funny goop ! ' says she, gigglin'. 'Oh, Mr. O'Connell,' she says, ' did you hear what Hoomioo said about Iola ? ' she says, an' she looks at Danny, real co-quettish.

" ' Back to the kitchen fer you, Maggie,' says Iola, indignant. ' The dishes ain't washed yet,' she says.

" ' Do you mean me, you Tasmanian tag-rag ? ' says the snake lady, with superior ca'm. ' Because, if you do, I can tell you the's lotsa things worse'n washin' dishes, an' you know it.'

" ' But I rung the bell on you jest the same, didn't I ? ' says Iola, reel sweet.

" ' Ladies, ladies ! ' says Danny——

" ' Wait till I find one o' my rattlers!' says the snake lady, reachin' fer her boxa snakes. ' If I wasn't a lady I'd pull that pin head o' yours offn you, you fake ! '

" ' Here,' says the Persian Astrologer, ' you leave Iola alone, you big bluff ! '

" ' You keep outa this,' says Iola. ' Who's got Hoomioo's watch,' says she. ' Who's got that watch, you one-eyed thief ? '

"At that, the snake lady gives out a shriek. ' Who's bin tellin' on me ? ' she says. An' the hull tent goes into confession.

" Danny jumps over to where the snake lady is an' calls fer a pitcher o' water, fer she's off in high-strikes, drummin' the ground with 'er heels. Hoomioo lights after Iola, an' she runs behind Danny fer refuge, an' Hoomioo jolts Danny acrost the place tryin' to git at 'er, an' the Persian Astrologer grabs him back. The fuss brings the Old Man on, an' one word from 'im quiets things down. Sich is the power of salaries. He holds a inquiry right there, an' then a queer thing comes out.

" It seems this snake lady come from Danny's village. She wasn't as old as he was by three or four year, an' her father was the village cobbler that they called the one-eyed thief, an' she'd gone out fer a hired girl in Toronto when she was about fifteen year old, an' afterwards got a job in the Queen's Hotel washin' dishes, an' from that, through gittin' acquainted with a museum performer, she took to snakes, an' the road, an' finally made good enough to come along with us. She an' Danny didn't know each other, because he'd changed 'is name, an'

"'DO YOU MEAN ME, YOU TASMANIAN TAG-RAG?' SAYS THE SNAKE-LADY WITH SUPERIOR CA'M"

he'd never bin in the village while she was since the time she was a toddler. It was what Iola said offhand about dish-washin' an' callin' the Persian Astrologer a one-eyed thief that tipped 'er off, on a rank mistake, an' made 'er give herself away.

"The funny part of it was that Danny got reelly stuck on 'er, an' wanted 'er. An'—. Say!

"Whaddya think? Danny had bin sendin' money home right along to help out his old folks an' git his brother Mike educated to be a priest. An' when he asks her to marry him, she says she can't, because she's engaged to Mike.

"'He's got such a swell education, she says, 'an' he's so smart! He's jest run away from the college,' she says, 'an' got a job bein' drummer fer a big store, an' he's makin' himself so strong,' she says, 'that we're goin' to be married next winter, an' I'm quittin' the profession.' Then she says—

"'Youghta be glad I'm marryin' yer brother,' says she. 'More'n a hunderd men has wanted to marry me.'

"'Huh!' says Danny. 'You're the only one, a-course. Same's all the rest. What?'

"'An' he *has* got such a swell education,' says she.

"'An' my money paid fer it,' says Danny, mournful. 'Oh, *vurry* well,' he says, 'I'm bumped.'

"The bun he got on him after that was a peach—an' doorable. I thought it would never wear off. He neglected his business, an' useta crowd everybody he could git hold of up against a wall an' cry to 'em about the treachery o' wimmin an' the wrongs of Ireland. Seemed to feel that one was as hard on him as the other. He got so desprit when he finally sobered up that he quit the legitimate an' become a press-agent. See what bein' crossed in love will drive a man to.

"Well, Danny's 'magination had a good trainin' down in that village where he was born. The' ain't a liar in that line o' work to-day that don't look as if he was going backwards when Danny strikes his gait. He's got old Annie Nias in the immachoor amachoor class. If I wasn't ashamed of him fer what he's doin', he'd make me proud. He's a gorgeous liar."

The Flight of the Arrow

By W. Lacey Amy

Illustrated by C. A. Maclellan

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the fourth of a series of five stories dealing with the business adventures of a feminine commercial traveller on the road for a jewellery house and in direct competition with her husband, the salesman for a rival firm.*

SIX months had passed since Mary D. had met Marly. The fact was that Marly had risen in the confidence of his firm until they had decided to make him their stone specialist, with only occasional road work to please a number of old customers who never thought of jewelry without connecting it with Marly. With many of these, Main & Co. were insignificant factors in the transaction whereby duplicates of Marly's samples found their way to the show cases of large stores. Main & Co. had been forced to recognize this when their new salesman, Cowley, a young fellow of more impudence than ability, sent in letters that "Dolman & Co. had already bought, and needed nothing more," "W. H. Frame couldn't be interested and wouldn't look at our samples." Old man Main said little, whatever happened, which relieved him of the necessity of adding more words to explain what he meant. He simply yanked Cowley off some of the cities and sent Marly out on two trips a year.

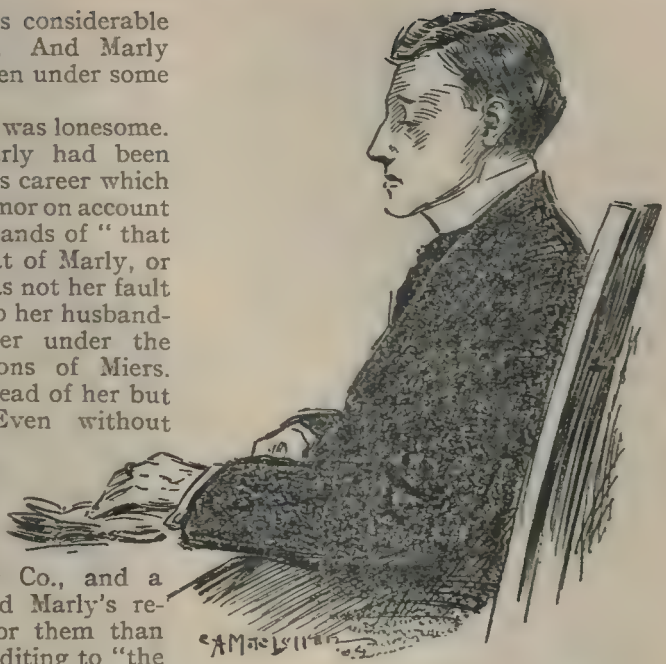
The six months that Mary D. and her husband were separated were not without communication. Marly, in preparation for his high position in one of the oldest and most reliable jewelry houses in Canada, had been sent to Amsterdam, Austria and India on a six months' trip to study precious and semi-precious stones, how to buy, how to place values, and where to buy. A desultory correspondence between man and wife as friend and friend had been marked chiefly by the restraint each saw in the letters of the other. Marly had been slow to see it in Mary D's letters as, to him, his "late wife" had not made herself conspicuous as a blushing damsel. He had wooed her in his dependent days, and she had accepted him in recognition of his dependence. Since his failure to make his business smooth out the wrinkles of married life, he had thought of her for the most part as a clever rival.

But after three months in Amsterdam and Austria he became convinced that, for some reason, his former business rival was not writing him with that feeling only.

As he was preparing in an Austrian city for his trip to India, he received a letter from his wife that passed almost unnoticed in the bustle of his departure. But on shipboard he had abundance of time to read between the lines. "I think Main & Co. might be the gainers in this old Western Ontario district by a reversion to former methods and salesmen. You put up a stiffer competition than you knew,

Marly. The new man is considerable of a joke," she wrote. And Marly knew that this was written under some powerful stimulus.

The fact was, Mary D. was lonesome. Her meetings with Marly had been bright spots in a business career which was losing some of its glamor on account of the unreasonable demands of " that Jew," Miers. The defeat of Marly, or even the belief that it was not her fault when the victory went to her husband-rival, had sustained her under the mean, covert insinuations of Miers. Now she had nothing ahead of her but to plug and plug. Even without Marly her sales did not increase, for she had less incentive to work. Cowley did not get the business for his firm, but Simmons, of Healey & Co., and a half dozen others, found Marly's removal a bigger thing for them than they even thought of crediting to "the plodder," as they all called Marly in the earlier days.



COWLEY HAD BEEN ON THE ROAD JUST LONG ENOUGH TO FEEL THE IMPORTANCE OF A THOUSAND-DOLLAR ORDER

Mary D's first meeting with Cowley had taken the wind out of the latter, and, upon reflection, had aroused just as strong feelings in Mary D. It partially opened her eyes to something she had never thought existed.

It was in London. Cowley had been on the road just long enough to feel the importance of a thousand-dollar order and his connection with it. The usual group was at the travellers' table, Cowley sitting at the end facing the dining-room, and wearing a solid black tie with an enormous diamond sparkling in it. That was one of the evident necessities of selling jewels. On his finger was another diamond, and three weeks' study of the proper angle had enabled him to flash its rays into the eyes of any person he wanted to dazzle. He had had a pretty successful day, thanks to the carelessness of Mary D., and he was sparkling as brightly as his jewels.

"Are you going to St. Thomas to-night ? " he almost shouted to the traveller sitting at the other end of the table. Upon receiving assurance that the other traveller was going down, and upon the natural query whether he was going, too, he proceeded to take advantage of the opportunity.

" Not me. No travelling at night for me ! I think I can sell enough goods without losing my sleep," and he flashed his ring around the table, likewise his eyes.

" That dub, Norton, who used to have this route," continued the enraptured youth, " set a bad example, but I'm not in this business solely for Main & Co. And I guess I'm sending in the orders just as well as he did. Why, he sold Frame, here, only about $800 worth on his last visit. To-day I took an order for $2,000 or over. Guess that'll do me for to-day without making a muff of myself like Norton did. He must have been a chump from what I hear."

Mary D. was sitting at Cowley's right hand. She had been lonesome and cross all day, and had done her work in a half-hearted way, allowing Cowley to take more than his share of the business. At the words of the conceited young fellow, she felt her blood rush to her face. For a moment she felt like boxing his ears ; then she became dangerously cool. Her look

of interest drew Cowley's eyes.

"Young man," she said, "if you wouldn't mind turning off that diamond on your finger and putting it back in your sample case, we might take more interest in your work. Yes, Marly Norton's sales to W. J. Frame amounted only to $800 last time, but perhaps you never heard how Mr. Norton made it possible for you to sell a cent's worth in that store. Any young codger could sell his goods where those goods had been sold for years. Marly wasn't afraid to travel by night. Of course, he had no dignity to lower. He didn't sell diamonds in car-loads, he didn't sport around his firm's samples as soon as he got away from the boss. But, my boy," and she leaned towards him, "he could sell jewelry where you couldn't open your case. He could, and did, travel at night to sell where his firm had never sold before—and he was made stone-buyer for the firm for which you are cabbage salesman. I've worked against Marly, and I've played against you. In St. Thomas I'll work against you, and the excitement will be only a match-flare to a San Francisco fire compared with what Marly provided for me."

"Dashed if I don't believe she's soft on that Norton," said Cowley to Simmons some days after, in relating the story.

"You damn little idiot!" answered Simmons, who had always fought hard and squarely, "it isn't unusual for a woman to defend her husband from a punk imitation like you."

It was the night of her table talk with Cowley that had seen the letter start for Marly that reached him just as he left Austria.

Mary D. continued her work, waking up only now and again to keep Cowley from losing track of himself. The months had passed and she had had no word from Marly. She knew he was in India, but this did not relieve her desire that a better mail service to the far east existed. The only interest in things now was centered in her undying hatred of Cowley. In St. Thomas, as she had threatened, she had taken everything out of his hands, although he had hastened on to that city by the night train which he had refused to take, and Mary D. did the same. Her dislike of him had been increased by reports of some of his remarks to his customers concerning Marly; and, of course, he had nothing good to say of her.

Gradually she found herself working more feverishly in opposition to Cowley than she had previously done to Marly. But the excitement was unhealthy. It made her cross, unhappy and vindictive. Her one determination was to so decrease Cowley's sales that Main & Co. would remove him. Feverishly she worked towards this end, covering the ground rapidly but thoroughly, and making Cowley's yellow order sheets a less frequent sight at headquarters, and the letters of remonstrance from Main increase in similar proportion.

Cowley had received a sterner letter than usual from "the old man," and had been told in short but unmistakable terms that his retention depended upon the improvement of his sales. In a moment of blueness he had confided the gist of the epistle to a fellow-traveller, who had, in turn, jollied him about it before Mary D. For several days the latter worked harder than usual, and in grim pleasure saw Cowley turned down in store after store.

A dual town was Wharton. Of late years a factory section had sprung up across the river as the result of cheaper land and the switching yards of the railway. A large woollen mill and a stove factory gave employment to about eight hundred hands, and thus the factory town had become a factor in the business of the city. Stores had followed the factories, and a jewelry store that had been opened tentatively by a hard-working young man who had clerked on the old side of the river had expanded from a single three-feet window to a matter of seven silent salesmen and three of the variety that have to describe the goods. The extension of the premises had been very recent, and Mary D. determined to get in with one of the first orders—anyway, she would forestall Cowley.

Arriving at Wharton from the west at dusk, she had not waited for the

"DON'T YOU THINK, MARLY, THAT WE COULD WALK A LITTLE LONGER? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR—OH, SO LONG!"

next day, but, knowing the long hours of the jeweller in a factory-town, she had hastily washed and proceeded to take chances on immediate business across the river.

It was now dark, but, in spite of the dark bridge, and the poorly-lighted new town, she tramped unconcernedly and rapidly towards her destination. As she stepped on the bridge—a new structure, built high above the river, and with an approach of fifty feet on the factory-town side—the lonesomeness of the district was impressed upon her by the far-off shunting of an engine and the brightness of the town behind

her. Increasing her pace, she had almost crossed the bridge when a movement against one of the iron girders sent her heart to her throat. Before she could more than utter a half scream the movement became visible in the form of a man ; another form seized her from the side and a hand was clapped over her mouth.

Jerked from her feet, she struggled bravely, trying all the time with her free hand to uncover her mouth so that she could scream. With her other hand she instinctively clutched her precious sample case.

But with two men she was unable to scream or offer any effective resistance. One ruffian grabbed her case, but she used both hands, and with his one free hand he could not tear it away. Fearing that his companion, unaided, would not be able to keep Mary D. from screaming, he dropped his hold on the case, and Mary D. was carried down the embankment and under the approach of the bridge. There, forcing her down, one man held her, while the other concentrated his attention to securing the sample case.

The case was wrenched from her just as running steps on the bridge above and a fall in the gravel on the side of the embankment gave hasty flight to the robbers. Mary D's heart beat like a hammer as a quick figure, visible against the sky, dashed around the embankment, and a revolver shot rang out. A splash in the river showed the line of retreat of the fleeing robbers.

Mary D. stood still against an abutment. Instead of abating, her excitement increased until the beating of her heart was painful, depriving her of the power of speech.

" Mary ! Mary ! " shouted an excited, agonized voice. But she could not answer.

The scratching of a match brought her to herself, and revealed in the dim, sudden flare an outwardly cool, but inwardly hysterical woman, smiling and collected.

"As opportune as a story ending, Marly," she said, and reached down to brush her skirt. "But I hope those men aren't trying to swim with my case."

Marly's eyes were aflame, and a red spot glowed on each cheek as he nervously lit another match and came towards her.

" Perhaps they dropped it when you fired." She stepped down towards the bank.

" If you'd put away that pretty little revolver of yours and occupy yourself with matches, Marly, it would give me more time to thank you, when I have recovered my case."

When the next match flared Marly was just as cool as Mary D. He said not a word, but carefully shaded as he directed the light close to the ground.

Only a few steps away the case lay, badly scratched by the stones upon which it had fallen, but still closed. Mary picked it up, but did not turn her face towards Marly. She stood looking towards the river for so long a time that Marly became embarrassed. The matches were out, and only the shunting of the far-off engine broke the silence.

Then she turned to him. " You might explain your presence here, Marly. It's rather confusing to be rescued from—anything, by a man you last heard from on his way to India."

But Marly only led the way to the street. His recovery was slower than the calmer Mary D's.

When they reached the street he threw back his head and laughed joyously. Then he explained how he had stayed in India a shorter time than he expected, had arrived home only two days before, and had hastened out to stop Cowley before he had an opportunity of spoiling Main & Co.'s chances with the jeweller in the factory-town of Wharton. He had arrived that afternoon, and after selling the factory-town jeweller, had reached the hotel after the arrival of the train from the west. He had seen Mary D's name on the register, and had gone out for a stroll until she should come down for supper. Upon his return to the hotel, the clerk had told him of her departure with her case, and it was not difficult to surmise her destination. He knew the foolishness of a strange woman

walking factory-town streets after dark and had started after her. The rest she knew.

The ring in Marly's voice touched a chord which had vibrated seldom in Mary D's experience. With his narrative there wound itself through her brain a wonder at what this new thing was. Business was all forgotten—even responsibility seemed to disappear. Marly was leading back to the hotel with a confident stride that was new to him, but which Mary D. seemed to accept as quite natural.

At the hotel door she hesitated. It suddenly dawned upon her that the walk was over, that Marly and she now became rival salesmen. She turned towards Marly, and in a strangely shy voice that roused in him more manliness than he had ever felt before, she faltered : " Don't you think, Marly, we could walk a little further ? I haven't seen you for—oh, so long ! "

IN SEARCH OF A BREAKFAST

BY MAE HARRIS ANSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"IF you don't mind a few bumps, you will find it a trip full of novelty," said Alexander.

And Alexander proved himself a true prophet. For not only were there something more than a few bumps, but the novelty, the charm of the wild picturesqueness of this northland of Quebec more than matched bump for bump.

To few is it given in these days of well-discovered country to feel the zest that comes to him who explores a virgin land. Yet, although I traveled by rail, in a cushioned car, nevertheless, with each mile clicked off by the wheels between Quebec and La Tuque Junction, stronger and stronger grew the feeling of advent into a land unknown ; the ever-changing line of the Laurentians, with their exquisite purple shadows and their crown of pointed firs, the swirl and dash, the shallows and the deeps of the picturesque Batiscan, a hundred unnamed and almost unknown creeks and mountain-tops, and over all the deep blue sky of summer Canada.

In order to reach La Tuque, the head of the navigation on the St. Maurice River, we had to change cars at La Tuque Junction—and right there things began to happen. Just the width of the platform, the half dozen steps necessary to change from the Lake St. John train to that running from the Junction to La Tuque, was like the magic transformation that followed that first step of Alice into the Wonderland that lay behind the Looking Glass.

Not only was the way wilder, the mountains more imposing, the rivers and valleys more exquisitely beautiful in their absolute freedom from the despoiling touch of civilization, but the people themselves were different. They were the people that Drummond drew to the life in his " Habitant " verses, the people that Sir Gilbert Parker suggests, the people who for three hundred years have lived peculiarly to themselves, descendants of French seigneurs, wide-ranging coureurs des bois, Indians and English adventurers who ranged the woods and fastnesses of the north, a people who combine the child-like faith of the French peasant and the cunning and picturesque superstition of the Indian,

with a strain peculiar to the north itself, and which, in time, inevitably tinges the thoughts and feelings of even the most prosaic Anglo-Saxon brought within its influence.

For six long, and yet all too short, hours, we rode, with never a town, never a settlement, never so much as a homesteader's shack in sight, up to the summit of the Laurentian divide and down the slope, leaving the Batiscan only to enter the equally as picturesque but wilder valley of the Bostonnais. And then, just as the edge of twilight began to spread over the land, we came upon a scene incomparable and inspiring—the valley of the Bostonnais, enclosed in a three-quarter circle sweep of hills, a silver lake set deep in its heart, like a jewel, and more amazing than all the beauties of nature, railroad engineering on a gigantic scale that was nothing less than startling in that wilderness of the far north.

The La Tuque branch of the Canadian Northern Quebec swooped down from the heights, crossing the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific as it went, and with a shriek of defiance shot under its high trestles on the other side of a valley, the double crossings, once above and once below, the combinations of trestles and tunnels, stone and iron being intensified and made doubly interesting because of the untouched wilderness that surrounds them on all sides.

Then followed a procession of more wildly picturesque watercourses, more lakes, more mountains, more fir-trees, looking, with their pointed tops, like an army of Titans leading away to the north, and at last a pulling in at La Tuque, which simply shrieked that it was the Jumping-Off Place and joyed in the thought.

Grass grew knee-high on the plateau that swept royally west to the deep purple fringe of pointed firs that marked the sinuous course of the St. Maurice. Houses, stores, a hotel, and plain, uncompromising little shacks were dotted about in the grass, their unpainted sides and shingles making them look like dots of butter in a giant's dish of greens. Had it been the Day of Judgment and Salvation for La Tuque dependent upon house-paint, the whole place would of necessity have gone down in the great cataclysm, for there was not a spoonful of paint of any description in the place, and none nearer than Quebec, two hundred miles away.

Now, Alexander has all a city man's aversion to early rising. When he found the bad habit the boat had of leaving Ritchie's Landing, two miles or more away, at six o'clock in the morning, he suggested that our party drive to a hotel on the river near the boat landing, and avoid the early morning call and drive.

"Besides," said Alexander, "that shack that says 'Hotel' does not look a bit promising. The hotel near the boat landing is older, and is sure to be better."

But that was one of the times when Alexander proved himself a false prophet, as will presently be seen. In the course of time, a two-seated democrat wagon appeared, drawn by two animals, one half-tamed and the other given to walking on his hind legs. Now, I have ridden a horse that bucked for ten minutes straight every time I mounted him; I have ridden a mile on a Dakota prairie road with a cyclone literally clutching the wagon-box by its fingernails; I have scampered across country in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies in a sixty horse-power automobile that shook me around as if I were a solitary die in the dice-box, and I have also looked sudden death in the face motor-racing—it matters not where, for it was against the law—but nothing ever quite equalled the thrill of that ride from La Tuque to the banks of the St. Maurice.

Just as we started out, I looked north, and there, rising in a white cloud above the trees, was the tell-tale spray of a great waterfall. At the sight, Alexander insisted that we must see the falls that night, as there would be no time in the morning. The half hour that followed was something hilariously amusing and yet utterly indescribable, because there is no language that can adequately express it. The road was as wild as the animals that danced and pranced along

with us. Except that the trail was well marked underfoot, it might have been a road in an enchanted land, for trees and bushes had grown almost together across it, and as the ponies plunged and bucked and made their way along with jerks and jolts, we dodged the soft branches of the trees and the unpleasant stiffness of their limbs, and then when just in the attitude least to withstand it, we stopped with a jolt that mixed us all up.

Looking ahead, there across the road lay four huge boulders. Even to an ordinarily experienced driver, they seemed an insurmountable obstacle to the big wagon. Nevertheless, the cowboy driver sent the animals ahead, one apparently trying to walk on his front legs and the other very successfully making progress on his hind legs. Slam ! bang ! bump ! And then a sudden stop, with three wheels resting on various hummocks of rock, while the fourth spun madly around as it hung some nine inches free of everything.

Alexander said he guessed he did not care about seeing the falls, if that was the only way to get to them. The grinning cowboy driver said that was nothing, and he would have us right on the shore in just a minute. Then he chirruped to the ponies, while we all poised ready for a flying leap, and with another slam ! bang ! bump ! we found ourselves safely over the rocks—but Alexander and I walked the rest of the way to the river.

Oh, that walk ! Sand a foot deep. And "flies" more than a million. But every step of the way was electric with anticipation, for through the veil of trees and undergrowth sounded the rush and roar of tumbling water—no pretty patter of charming little waterfall, but the mighty music of an untamed cataract, savagely joyous in its untrammeled freedom. And yet, when at length we burst through the greenery into full view of the river, it was a disappointment, for in spite of the wild uproar of the waters, the spray dashing high in air at its impact with the huge rocks strewn in mid-stream, the cloud of spray which had first beckoned to us from La Tuque was still over the hills and far away. For the great cascade which marks the head of navigation on the St. Maurice is a whirlwind jumble of waters rivaling that of Niagara for more than half a mile below the waterfall, whose pillar of snow-white spray marks the first drop of sixty feet.

What I thought when at length the wagon drew up in front of the barn-like hotel on the river bank, added to what Alexander's face showed he thought, make a sum total to which no language on earth could do justice. To me, in search of the unknown, and thoroughly interested in the wildness of the land, it was comedy, but to Alexander, comfortable, well-fed, dependent upon the fleshpots—and hungry—it was nothing short of tragedy.

The train had left Quebec at eleven in the morning. Luncheon had not been hearty, and there we were, ravenously hungry city people, accustomed to a heavy dinner at six, confronted by a menu that consisted only of fried eggs, bread and butter and tea. Worst of all, except for the eggs, it turned out to be near-food at that. The butter was thin and viscid, such as I have always imagined the goats' milk butter to be like which the women of Persia churn by shaking in a sheepskin. And taste ! Oh, it tasted infinitely worse than it looked. As for the tea !—shades of Ceylon and Japan !—it could not have been anything better than a dooryard weed, dried and cured. The limited sleeping accommodation was not a whit more attractive than the supper, and Alexander said, when safely out of earshot :—

" Captain Ritchie lives about a mile down the river. He has some sort of a hotel there where his boats land. Let's walk down there and see if he won't do the right thing by us."

That mile walk through the late twilight of the north is a most exquisite memory. A hundred feet below, the mighty flood of the St. Maurice rolled majestically to the south. The unturned sod of thousands of centuries was springy under our feet, as we turned into it for relief from the deep sand of the trail. Save for the barn of a hotel behind us, the white sides of the Ritchie house gleaming faintly ahead, and a

single little shack between, there were no evidences of civilized life on either shore.

None, that is, save a tiny God's Acre, scarcely more than twelve feet square, fenced in by a rude picket fence, and set thick, oh, so pitifully thick, with crosses. Crosses so large that they could be seen a mile away, and crosses so small that only the eyes of yearning mother-love could see them over the pickets. Crosses made by hands skilled in the use of saw and adze and plane, and crosses fashioned rudely from limbs of trees that still wore the bark ; and yet, in all their rudeness speaking as surely from the heart of bereaved humanity as the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful tomb in all the world.

Hospitality awaited us with wide-open arms at Ritchie's, and after only a short delay, word came that our rooms were ready. Oh, that room of mine ! Exquisitely clean, the cleanliness known only to the good housewives of old Holland and French Canada, but hot ! The stoke-hole of a great ocean liner racing to break a record would seem cool in comparison. It had been hot during the day, well up in the nineties, but though the setting of the sun had brought the sharp coolness that always comes of summer nights in Canada, the room under the roof still retained the sizzling heat of midday.

" You'd better keep your window shut, or the flies'll get you," the pretty French-Canadian girl said as she was about to close the door. Keep the window shut ! And I a pronounced convert of the open-windows-at-night creed, with perspiration starting at every pore. And yet, with my face and hands lumpy where the " flies " had already " got me," and a long night ahead—after only a moment's thought, I walked across the room and shut the window—tight !

The climax of the whole day came when I turned down the covers of the bed. Untouched, it looked like hundreds of other iron beds, painted white and touched with gold to take the curse off. It had a beautiful, old-fashioned, hand-quilted comforter for a spread. A gay silkoline quilt hung over the footrail. The pillows were encased in spotless slips. But when I turned the covers down, there was but one sheet ! And the next covering was a thick, black plush carriage robe ! And the temperature at that moment in that room was eighty-five, if not more ! Yet the hour was late, taking the boat meant an early rise, and so I let it go without protest. But sleep in that heat was impossible, and at length, utterly desperate, I opened the window, determined to have the comfort of the cool outdoors, in spite of the pestiferous flies.

The face that met my gaze the next morning when I looked in the tiny mirror, would, at the first glance in a police court, have sent me to the "works' for ten days without a single charge being made. For if ever a face shrieked "the morning after," mine did. Not only was it blotched and swollen almost out of ordinary lines, but a gnat peculiar to the country had nipped one eyelid, and the blood had settled all around the orb in the best imitation of a badly blacked eye that could be imagined.

But if I looked battered, Alexander looked superlatively worse. In fact, he looked so utterly down and out and done for that I did not dare to joke him about it, as breakfastless, chilled to the marrow, and stiff in every joint, we slipped and slid one hundred feet down the steep, sandy bank in the heavy morning fog, and walked aboard the Sampson.

A drearier outlook certainly never came before the eyes of any of us, lone wanderers that we were beyond the bounds of civilization. There was no dining-room on the boat. There was no kitchen. There were no evidences of food being even thought of. The few passengers who dashed up in a wagonette from the despised hotel at La Tuque looked well-fed, contented and warm. The pilot, the captain, the swarthy French-Canadian deck-hands—all looked as if they had not only had a satisfactory breakfast, but a dinner the night before, and a luncheon before that—a memory and a satisfaction that neither of us could claim.

THE ST. MAURICE BOILS AROUND GRAND MERE ROCK IN SHEETS OF CREAMY FOAM

By and by, with a long shriek of the siren, the Sampson pulled her nose out of the river bank and, with a wide sweep, turned about and headed down the St. Maurice. Cold and miserably hungry, subdued and—almost—cross though we were, the scene nevertheless stirred us to enthusiasm. Already the mists showed signs of lifting. Strange disturbances here and there behind the curtain of fog were followed by the rolling away, as if it were a transformation curtain, in incomparably soft billows, showing here the beautiful fall of the Bostonnais ; there a vista of hills that were almost mountains, sometimes deeply, magnificently purple, and again bathed in the yellow glory of purest sunrise ; and yet again, a bank of snow-white mist lying across the bosom of the mountain-like hills that rise out of the broad, winding, swift, and yet placid waters of the St. Maurice.

But creature comfort grew insistent. A starving man, even though intensely artistic, can not long content himself with the knowledge of satisfied sight alone. As the boat progressed, the four state-rooms yielded up three well-fed, practical-looking women, palpably of an age that takes a sane attitude toward the necessity of eating three square meals a day. And when, in response to Alexander's inquiry as to the prospects for breakfast, the captain said, gruffly :—

" Oh, some good friends of mine are aboard, and they'll be getting breakfast by and by, and 'll probably ask you to have some." Alexander, with Machiavellian acuteness, began to hang around.

Fifteen minutes later, he appeared in the stern of the boat where I was trying to imagine myself perfectly warm and unenvious of the smug traveling man, who had had a good beefsteak and fried potatoes and coffee at the pine-board hotel at La Tuque,

THERE IS NO GENTLE PATTER AND SPLASH ABOUT THE LONG CASCADE OF LA TUQUE—IT IS A MIGHTY STRETCH OF ROARING WATER TORTURED AMONG STONES

and drawing me off to one side, said:—

"Guess they're going to have breakfast before long, for I heard one of 'em say, 'Well, isn't it time for breakfast?' and the other one said, 'Yes, is there a fire in the stove?' and the first one said, 'Oh, no. The stove isn't up yet.' Now, just imagine—the stove not up, and we literally starving for the breakfast that is to be made on it!"

"You go right back to those women, Alexander," I said decidedly, "and make their acquaintance, and work for our breakfasts as you never worked before. You're a man, Alexander," I said firmly, as a glimmer of revolt flickered in his eyes, and his lips trembled with the words of refusal. "You're a man, and they're women, and you'll count for a whole lot more in this game than any of the rest of us would."

Alexander went, without even making a sotto voce sound of dissent, and before it seemed possible that a stove could have been set up, let alone a fire built and burning to the point of cooking anything, the aroma of boiling tea filtered back to us, and then the delicious odor of cold meat, and, as a clincher, Alexander appeared and sat down beside me with an air of finality that bespoke success. So that when one of the rosy-cheeked "good friends" of the captain appeared and smilingly invited us to join them at breakfast, we were properly surprised and delighted.

Never was feast of Lucullus more delectable; never did the vagaries of a million-dollar dinner by a modern Croesus pique curiosity more than did the savory contents of divers boxes and glass jars and paper bags set picnic-fashion on the table. It was not semi-starvation alone which gave zest to the meal. It was the perfect cookery itself, for the Canadian woman is not yet progressed to the point where the homely, practical arts of the housewife are forced into the background in favor of the purely ornamental, artificial and capricious.

It was a world wide awake which met our eyes when next we stepped

THE SHAWINIGAN FALLS OF THE ST. MAURICE ARE A WHIRLWIND JUMBLE OF SPRAY

upon deck. A world of gorgeous wilderness, full of the bignesses of nature, constantly changing in vistas, and suggesting at every turn volumes of unwritten, almost unknown, romances. Tapping, as it does, a wilder country than the St, Lawrence, hundreds of miles farther north, its shores still the familiar haunts of bear and deer and cariboo and moose, its high earthen ramparts cut and scarred by timber slides, and its drop between cataracts so great that the steamer seemed to be sliding down hill, the St. Maurice is a worthy tributary to the great outlet of the Laurentian Lakes. And, coming as it did directly after the Saguenay, with its depressing, sinister aspects, it was, by contrast, like day unto night.

Instead of rocky precipices coming sheer to the water, there were natural terraces, alternating with the high earthen ramparts ; instead of twenty-four hours with scarcely a sign of life anywhere alongshore, there was scarcely a mile which did not bring its hail from a crew of lumberjacks, or a stray, hardy settler, and even, occasionally, a woman with children would meet the steamer in midstream and scramble aboard from a bobbing little boat, with hardly a perceptible stop in the throb of the sturdy engine. Here and there, small cabins sat upon the bank, while cattle and horses were pastured not far away.

Between La Tuque and Grandes Piles, the banks of the St. Maurice are set thickly with crosses. Scarcely a bold headland juts out into the stream or keeps high watch above it anywhere, but bears a cross of some description upon its crest. Sometimes it is a shrine ; more often it is a memorial. And the stories which those crosses point are all tragic, some of them bloodstained as the result of furious clashes between men of primitive passions, roused and maddened by the atrocious combination, called in the patois, " w'iskey blanc." Others, however, there are which stand as memor-

ials of acts of heroism that would make a wonderful " Book of Golden Deeds."

The voyage down the St. Maurice ended at Grandes Piles, but scarcely less in interest was the journey by rail along its shores to historic Three Rivers, even though it was a river tamed and harnessed. Any one of the three magnificent cataracts of the St. Maurice would be enough to glorify a river ; and many a stream has won a reputation with a cascade no greater than that at Grandes Piles, but there is probably no other river in the world which can boast of three such waterfalls as the St. Maurice possesses in those of La Tuque, Grand Mere and Shawinigan.

A few hours later, as we were about to separate at Montreal, each to go his own separate and very diverse way, I said to Alexander,

" I wish that you would tell me something. How many sheets did you have on your bed at La Tuque ? "

" Not one ! " Alexander fairly shouted.

" Not one ? " I gasped. " Then how——"

" I slept, habitant fashion, between two black plush carriage robes," he went on, " and with the thermometer at ninety in the room, and a billion of those blamed flies—well ! "

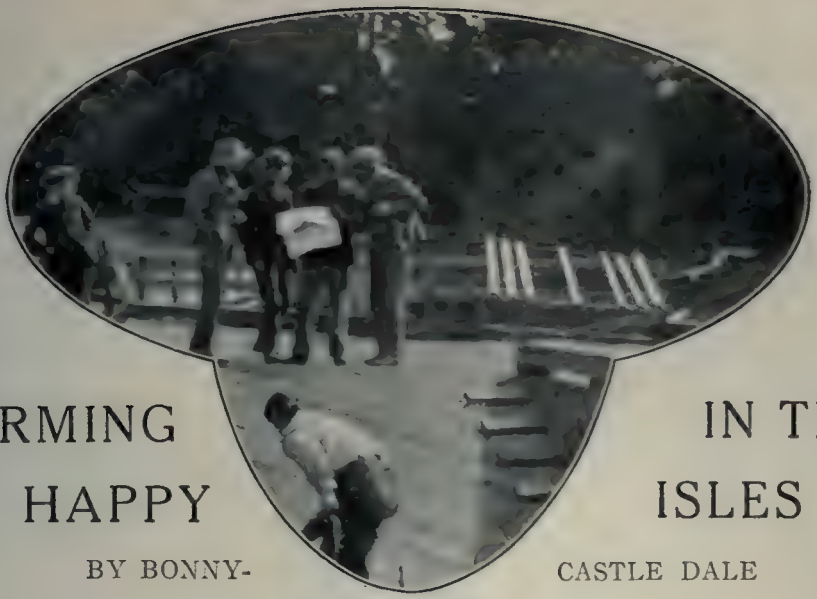
THE FOLK THAT LAUGH

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE folk that laugh—God bless them!—
They lighten all the day.
They bring the cheer of sunshine clear
Though skies be brooding gray.
They lift the load of trouble,
They ease the grip of toil—
They leave less room for grumbling gloom
Our precious hours to spoil.

What though they have their sorrow,
What though they have their woes—
They aim to get the laughter debt
The joyous old world owes,
And so they make a stranger
Of foolish fret and fear,
And make each day a happy way
Of rich content and cheer.

The folk that laugh—God bless them!
What ills do they not mend!
From them the rose in beauty glows.
And every man is friend;
For them the skies grow bluer,
For them the stars are bright,
Gloom flees away across the day
And comfort bides at night.



FARMING IN THE HAPPY ISLES

BY BONNY-CASTLE DALE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DO you remember those far-away days when you were fully decided to be a motorman so you could bang the gong in the front end of the car with your heel and lordlily scatter chickens and nurse-maids before your resonant swoop? You were very small then; indeed, you still were set upon the dictionary at meal-times. And later—this was before the captain of the home football team was your secret rapture and emulation—when you read Robinson Crusoe and gave up the motorman's job in order to own a private island, do you remember how you started a collection of truck out in the barn that might be useful to you and Friday when you began to fix up the cave?

Of course! Every knickerbockered lad some time or another figures out the island notion, and thrills to discover Friday's footprint on the sand; it's as standard a phase of boyish development as shedding milk-teeth or carrying toads in your pockets. With the passing years, the motorman becomes an ordinary and not-much-to-be-envied human, the football captain, shedding his glory, some morning tries to sell you insurance and gets turned down with a grunt, but somehow you never meet Robinson Crusoe, and the island still retains something of the glamor of the ideal.

Up along the coast north of Vancouver there are a string of islands that beat old Robinson's all hollow, and it is no uncommon thing for a man to own a private farm that needs no fences, requires no road-tax, and never is troubled by trespassers. Does he want to call on his next-door neighbor? He has a sailboat and a dinghy or so at the wharf, and it is only a short run to his fellow-Robinson's place. Does he prefer his own hearthstone and the company of his family? He has but to stay in his sanctuary, untroubled by the world. As for climate, he has an ideal one, neither too hot nor too cold; a climate where zero is rarely touched, and where sunstroke is unknown; where, no matter how pleasantly warm the day may be, blankets are always comfortable at night; where snow almost never falls, and where vegetation flourishes most luxuriantly. Never was sky so turquoise, never grass so deep and green, never sea so lapis lazuli laced with silver as among these quiet islands; never were trees so stately and tall as the giant firs that stretch their straight boles up into the cloudless blue; never people so content. With Auckland

WHEN THE ISLAND FARMER WISHES TO CALL ON HIS NEIGHBOR HE SIMPLY SETS SHEETS AND SAILS—THE YAWL AND THE SCHOONER ARE THE CRUSOE'S STREET-CAR.

they might well share the words Kipling has written for the South Seas:—

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart,
On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,
Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles.

The price of these Pacific Coast farms runs from five to twenty-five dollars per acre for uncleared lands, lands heavily timbered with cedar, red fir, white fir, and other valuable woods. The average cost of clearing is well up to one hundred dollars per acre, provided you hire the help ; of course a man can clear his own acre at much less expenditure of money, and immeasurably more of muscle. Many valleys and lowlands are covered with alder, which is a sign of rich soil. Some farms offered for sale at thirty dollars per acre have five to fifteen acres cleared, and when it comes to buying a cleared place with good buildings, the price will run from one hundred to three hundred dollars per acre.

What can be raised on these island farms ? Almost anything. Grass and clover is heavy ; fruit grows luxuriantly ; root crops do well, and can be dug any time the owner wants fresh vegetables. I have seen ranchers digging potatoes the day before Christmas. Eggs run in price from twenty-five to seventy-five cents, and butter is about the same. Potatoes bring a dollar to a dollar and a quarter per sack of one hundred pounds ; apples from a dollar to two dollars a box of forty pounds. On Vancouver Island, many farmers are raising all sorts of garden truck for coast consumption, and getting excellent prices for all they can grow. Year after year the surveys are running farther north, opening up valleys and table lands and benches for the incoming settlers. These lands can be taken up for the nominal price of one dollar per acre. Many of the valleys are still far from rail or steamer, but in a few years every acre cleared will be

HAY FROM THE VALLEY OF THE FRASER, DUFFLE-BAGS FROM SURVEYORS' OUTFITS, PACKING-CASES FROM "HOME"—IT IS A MOTLEY CARGO THAT THE LITTLE COASTWISE STEAMER UNLOADS AT THESE ISLAND WHARVES

worth from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. One thing you will find everywhere : a good British sentiment, a stable government under a party of men who have brought the country in five years' time from almost bankruptcy to a gilt-edged credit, and soil in which anything and everything grows like a weed. The policy adopted towards new towns opening on the railroads and in taxing other industries will, after the initial expense of opening trails and roads all over Vancouver Island and the other islands of the Gulf and Straits of Georgia, give the settler a very low rate of taxation on his land.

There is another item well worth considering by the prospective settler : the natural resources of wood and water in providing food. For example, I have built close to the sea in the harbor of Sooke. From my desk, as I write, I can see and hear salmon and trout leaping. Within a few yards of my ink-stand I can paddle out and get all the ducks I want. The second-growth timber is full of quail and pheasants ; there are grouse by the dozen ; deer are extremely plentiful, although we never kill them ; the bottom of the shallows teem with oysters, crabs, clams and cockles ; halibut and cod abound further out ; and if you are anything of a sportsman, your butcher's bill is a negligible item.

On one of our coast trips, while our boat was snubbed up to a little pile-driven wharf, we were deeply interested in the nondescript cargo being unloaded by a coastwise steamer—hay from the valley of the Fraser, dufflebags from surveyors' outfits, packing-cases from " home," and all the varied necessaries of an island farm, where the well-kept fields and handsome homes were backed by the tall, ragged line of stately firs. Again, at Kuper Island, where good Father Donckele came down from the Indian School to the

wharf to exchange news, we saw the same work being carried on, the same comfortable farming community, the same sunshine and content.

This is not a poor man's country ; not a place for the "assisted emigrant." It is rather a place for the hardy rancher, the man who can afford to buy his own farm, for the man without a family who can work in the forest, the mines and the fisheries. It is not a place for clerical workers to go to, or for the man with the big family and the small purse. But there is room, and always more room, for the man with muscle and nerve, and it is a country where such a man can build him a home to shame the best of his boyish dreams.

THE TRIUMPH OF KOOMINAKOOS

BY W. B. CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. RIESENBERG

KOOMINAKOOS was a Cree warrior of repute. He had one eye, nine fingers, a bald spot and a shirt. Casually, there might appear to be nothing remarkable about such a catalogue of superficialities, yet from these strands of circumstance depends a tale.

The Crees had lost heavily, both in scalps and in horses, during the past summer, to their enemies of the south.

" Never," said Hitting Twice, the head chief, in Cree, which is a fluent tongue, " never before has this thing happened. Never have we been so whipped and ravished by the Dog-Soldiers of the Blackfoot. The oldest of our old women does not remember the like. When Hitting Twice was young, the villages of the Blackfoot were burrowed like the villages of the prairie-dogs. We pushed our wars to their very lodge-flaps, and when they saw us coming they dived into their holes like scared rabbits. And so we called them the Prairie-Dogs. But now no Cree must walk upon the ground beyond the River of the Red Deer, because there the Blackfoot dwell, and the name of their war-chief, Iyakasin, is one to hush the children to sleep. Uh ! there are no men left among the Crees."

And Hitting Twice grunted in disgust.

Then up sprang Koominakoos in the middle of the Council-Lodge, and his heart was hot with wrath.

" I am a man ! " he shouted. " I will lead a war-party against the Blackfoot. We will smoke with the Stonies, and in the Moon of the Prairie-Chicken Dance we will move together against Iyakasin and his Dog-Soldiers. I," —here he beat upon his chest with his fist—" I am a Warrior ! "

When The Horned Thunder received the present of tobacco from Koominakoos, he said to the Cree messengers :

" Tell your chief I will meet him with all my young men at the Crossing of the Nootendo-Seepee when the leaves come out on the poplars. We will go with the Crees, and I will show Koominakoos how to fight the Blackfoot."

The Horned Thunder was war-chief of the Stonies, and because he led the young men in battle he was haughty and very vain. Also he was jealous of Koominakoos because Koominakoos had slain more Blackfoot than himself and the fame of the chief warrior of the Crees was big in the land.

" Tell Koominakoos I will come," he said ; and the young Cree runners returned with the message.

It was a great gathering, that, on the banks of the Nootendo-Seepee, the Battle River. The young Stonies, in vermilion, yellow ochre and feathers, danced in the war-dance with their allies, pretending not to notice the admiring glances of the Cree maidens, while the older warriors counted their coups and boasted of past valor, and the war-drums boomed far into the night. Koominakoos told the tale of the Blackfoot scalps that dangled from his medicine-pole, according as it was written in pictures upon his smooth tanned buffalo-skin, which was an honorable thing to do; and The Horned Thunder arose after him and said that the record was one to make the bosom of the proudest young warrior heave with envy.

"But," said he in conclusion, "though Koominakoos has taken more scalps and stolen more horses than The Horned Thunder, I have said that I would show him how to fight. We shall meet the Blackfoot, and though Koominakoos be in the fore-front of the battle, I shall be before him. *Toka!* of a truth Koominakoos is a great warrior, but The Horned Thunder will show himself to be a greater!"

Whereat the braves of the Stony smote the war-drum till it quivered on its willow supports, and shouted "How! while the Crees grinned indulgently. Only Koominakoos sat gravely smoking and answered nothing.

When Iyakasin and his braves came suddenly across a broad trail at the base of the Sand Hills near Willow Creek, they halted in surprise. Willow Creek runs into the Red Deer River from the south. Had the trail been a light one, Iyakasin would have read in the trampled grass the story of the passage of a war-party of their hereditary enemies, the Crees. The Blackfoot had embarked on an incursion into the Cree country; they had not looked to find, as it were, in their front yard a great company of strangers from they knew not whence.

"These," said Iyakasin, "I think be half-breed folk, who will sell us whisky. We shall pay with the favor of our forbearance, which, though it cost us little is robes and back-fat to the traffickers in the fire-drink. Or else they be our cousins the Sarcees. No offal of Saskatchewan, seeking scalps and horses of the Blackfoot, brings with him carts and women with lodges."

The Blackfoot followed the trail until the sun-setting. They numbered sixteen, and were afoot. From afar the barking of dogs and the subdued murmur of a great camp busy over its evening meal came to them.

"Stop here," said Iyakasin to his followers. "I will go on and learn the truth about this people."

A low tongue of land ran out from where they stood. Willow Creek swept in a bow round it. The opposite banks were high and precipitous. The Blackfoot entered an island of green poplars which lay on the bare prairie of the spit near the point, and spoke together guardedly while they awaited Iyakasin's return.

Iyakasin moved warily, creeping from tuft to tuft of the brown mahaganatik—the little wolf-willows with the white berries—his keen dark eyes searching the ground ahead, his heavy buffalo-knife loose in the thick rawhide scabbard. At length he rounded a bend of the creek and saw the camp.

He crouched in a clump of bushes below the bank and counted the lodges. There were eighty. Men sprawled in the grass beside the leaping fires, but they were too distant to enable Iyakasin to distinguish their dress, which would at once have betrayed their nation to the Blackfoot. He heard laughter and the shouts of little children.

"This is no war-party," said Iyakasin, half aloud. "Surely they be our friends, the Sarcees."

A woman came toward him in the dusk, swinging a kettle and crooning a love-song. She was going to the creek for water.

"Now," observed Iyakasin, inwardly, "the egg is cracked. I shall find whether the bird hatches out a dove or a hawk."

She stepped down the bank and stooped above the stream. Iyakasin might have seen . . . . but he glanced at her face. It was darkly red, like

rich wine, and smooth and rounded, and—well, Iyakasin did not think much about her dress after that.

He sprang out and caught her wrist. That was unworthy of Iyakasin, the crafty ; the most callow young buck in his following might have done better. She looked up, affrighted. He spoke a few words of Blackfoot in her ear, and she knew him at once for the hated foe of her people ; for she was a Cree, and the camp was the camp of Koominakoos and The Horned Thunder.

But she disarmed him with two words in the Sarcee speech.

His foot slipped in the soft clay of the creek bottom and threw him off his balance. With a sudden jerk, she bounded free, and before he could recover himself was mounting the bank with strong, swift feet, shrieking :

" The Blackfoot ! The Blackfoot!"

Iyakasin ran madly for the bluff where he had left his followers—ran for his life, for, before he reached it, the beat of hostile hoofs on the hollow ground beneath him was as thunder in his ears.

The Blackfoot fired furiously, and the Crees drew off, for the red man seldom attacks in the darkness. That is because, should he be killed, his soul would dwell in perpetual gloom.

All the long night through Cree and Stony stretched a deadly band round the covert of their doomed foe. The Blackfoot dug entrenchments in the edges of the bluff with their knives. They sang the war-song of the Conquering People, which is a weird thing to listen to, and shouted war-cries of defiance.

Toward midnight, Iyakasin stood up and made a speech in his own tongue to the darkness. He said :

" Dogs of Saskatchewan ! Offal and dogs ! It is I, Iyakasin, who speaks. You all know Iyakasin. He has slain many of your slut's litter. If he were alone he would spit in your faces—he would break your ring of guts as he would snap a rotten shoe-string, and eat your little bullets like berries. But Iyakasin is a brave, and he will die like a brave with his men. Yes, to-morrow we die ; but before Iyakasin looks his last upon the sun-rising he will send yet another ahead to mark the trail."

He stopped and began to chant his Going-Home Song, which is a Hymn of Passing, in a minor key. It ran something like this :

" Farewell, The Buffalo, brother and friend to the Blackfoot ;
Farewell, my cousins, The Elk, The Bear and The Gray Wolf ;
Farewell, Little Wolf-Willows, pleasant in the hour of danger ;
Farewell, Grass and Flowers. sweet and beautiful in the Plainland—
I go, I go, and my heart is bowed at the parting !

" Farewell, O Great Sun, my father, Manito of The Morning ;
Farewell, O Mother The Earth, who hast nourished me on thy bosom ;
Farewell, Fair Moon, mistress of Night and Love, with thy pathway upon the Waters ;
Farewell, Little Stars, souls of the Dead, sparkling afar in the Heavens—
Yes, my heart—my heart, is bowed and upon the ground ! "

He paused for a moment ; then a note of triumph came into the Song :

" Farewell, O Great Sun, Master of Light—but greet us again in the Morning ;
Farewell, O Mother The Earth, I return to rest in thy bosom ;
Flood, Silver Moon, Mistress of Night and Love, my pathway upon the Waters !
Burn ! Little Stars, camp-fires to light my feet, lest I stumble and fall in the darkness—
For Iyakasin, Iyakasin is going, going Home ! "

And his followers took up the refrain and chanted :

" Iyakasin, Iyakasin is going—Home ! "

The Song ceased. For an instant, the witchery of that mystic music held the listening cordon of the allies breathless and almost awed. It was the Miserere of the savage—a wild pæan and prayer in a temple domed by stars and paved with the green sward of the plains. Then a chorus of mocking yells and derisive laughter shattered the spell.

" Hear the boaster ! " cried the Crees. " He talks and croons like a girl because his heart is sick with fear."

They thought Iyakasin boasted because he was a great warrior.

Before morning The Horned Thun-

"NOW," OBSERVED IYAKASIN, "THE EGG IS CRACKED. I SHALL FIND OUT WHETHER THE BIRD HATCHES OUT A DOVE OR A HAWK"

der also spoke—and he cried the words aloud so that all might hear :

" To-day I will show myself the bravest among brave men. I will take the scalp of Iyakasin ! "

And again his followers, with a single throat, shouted " How!"

The first streak of dawn found the Crees and their allies moving to the attack. They slid through the grass like snakes, drawing tighter round the sombre bluff the loop of implacable hatred which would overwhelm and strangle their enemies.

Nearer and nearer they wore. A tense stillness had settled over all the land. It was the pregnant hush before the sullen shock of battle.

The noise of a galloping horse clove the stillness like an axe, and a young Cree, naked and befeathered, his lean brown limbs glistening with wet paint, tore down the face of the bluff, discharging his rifle into the trees as he passed. Immediately an answering crash came from the Blackfoot trenches and the fight was on.

For more than an hour the spiteful

crack of rifles and the hiss of speeding lead kept up. On his left, Koominakoos saw a Stony clutch the grass in his outstretched fingers, turn grimly over, shiver and lie still. The voice of the Blackfoot war-chief rose hard, metallic, like the ring of smitten steel, above the sounds of fateful strife. He was haranguing his followers, encouraging them to die as befitted warriors and men. They did not greatly need encouragement.

Koominakoos heard that voice. He bent his dusky brows upon the spot, and his eyes glittered as do the eyes of the serpent amid the tall, swaying grass, as he slid towards it.

He heard a rustling behind him and looked round. It was The Horned Thunder.

"Wherever you go I will be before you, Koominakoos," he said, and passed him. The two chiefs were some way in advance of their lines, and the rifle-pits of the enemy were not more than one hundred steps in front. The Blackfoot bullets whizzed over their heads.

They lay very still for a time. Then Koominakoos writhed forward and passed his rival.

"Wherever you go I shall lead you, Koominakoos," said the Stony, passing him again. They were drawing very near to the rifle-pits ; the fire of the enemy was more searching.

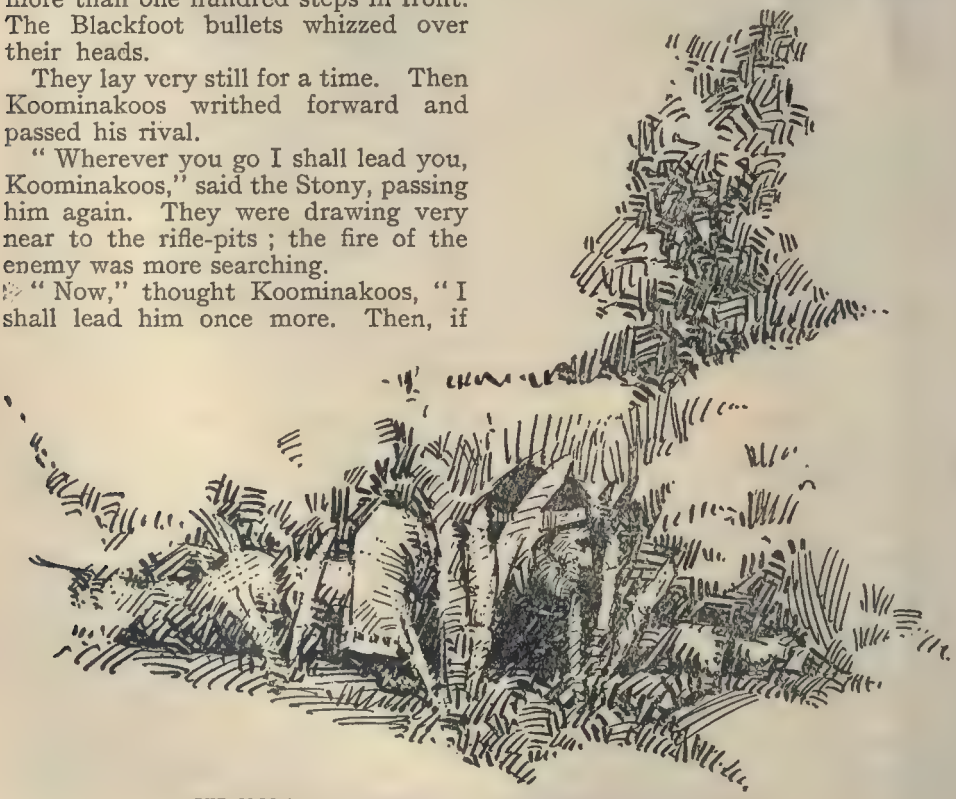
"Now," thought Koominakoos, "I shall lead him once more. Then, if he passes me, no man shall know, for he will be killed. The honor will be all the honor of Koominakoos." And he passed The Horned Thunder.

"I shall be first, Koominakoos ; even to the brink of the Blackfoot pits !" said the Stony, and again he wriggled forward and stretched his supple length in front of the Cree.

Koominakoos proved that he was wise as well as brave, for ambition was the undoing of The Horned Thunder as it had been of great men before him. The bullets of the Blackfoot were singing all about, and one found his brain below the roached foretop and left him very dead.

The Cree writhed forward. The glitter in his black eyes had grown more bright. He seized the limp log of flesh that had been his rival and drew it crosswise between him and the fire of the Blackfoot.

"Lead on, Keebotis, oh, fool and simple, who would outdo in bravery



THE CREE WRITHED FORWARD, THE GLITTER IN HIS BLACK EYES GROWING BRIGHTER

Koominakoos of the Crees!" he cried softly. "You shall be first—even to the brink of the Dog-Soldiers' pits!" And he pushed the body forward.

Slowly he forged ahead, rolling his ghastly breastwork before him. He was comparatively safe behind such cover.

Several of the Blackfoot had been put out of action, and their fire was slackening. His followers were closing in behind him.

Up to the very edge of the pit they came, the rival war-chiefs, the living behind the dead. Then Koominakoos arose suddenly, the war-cry of the Crees upon his lips, and sprang over the form of The Horned Thunder. A knife flashed in his hand. It was Iyakasin's scalp, now, or his own.

He looked into the dark muzzle of a rifle. He thrust out a hand to grasp it; a deafening report rang in his ears, and, blinded and senseless, he pitched headlong into the pit.

It was a fortunate thing for Koominakoos that his men were close. When he came again into the world, he lay in his own lodge. He felt stiff and old. His head was sore. His hand was sore. He was short an eye—that was the powder—and the ball had carried away one thumb.

His head was very, very sore. He had lost his scalp-lock. They were not, of course, to blame, his young men, for he had been in the hole with the Blackfoot, and their hearts were very hot. When they discovered their mistake, they were sorry. Yes, and amused; some certainly were amused. For, when you come to think of it, it was rather funny, his being scalped by his own followers.

Koominakoos was near the Sand Hills then, but the soft hands of Otaymina, with their medicine touch, led him back. And when a woman shows wisdom like a man, and passes the antelope for prettiness, does a chief look upon her with closed eyes? Otaymina came to the lodge of Koominakoos; and she had a seat beside him in the Council, for the girl's warning brought the Crees Blackfoot scalps.

Iyakasin's boast that he might, if he chose, pass the Cree lines unscathed was not so empty as they had believed. When they came to strip him, the shirt of mail, webbed, flexible, woven of steel, afterward worn by Koominakoos, was found upon him.

Marion, half Cree, half Frenchman, the friend of Koominakoos, told me all this. And as he ceased speaking and turned to stir the fire, I lay back and dreamed; and presently, framed by the spent centuries in the dull glow on the whispering wall of poplars opposite me, I saw a picture—a field red with the rain of slaughter, and a Spanish soldier in deadly combat, his breast shielded by the steel corslet of the Cree from the shafts of the legions of Montezuma.

MY SHADOW GOES AND

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

A ROARING blaze of driftwood;
The sea-mews overhead;
A heap of sand our pillow;
A length of sand our bed;
The Mother Moon to kiss us
And wrap us with the sky;
And to the place of merry thoughts
My shadow goes and I.

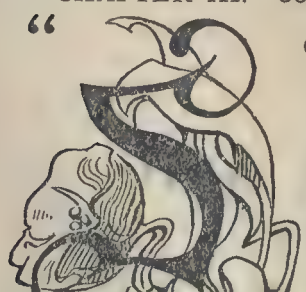
The King's Wish

By · C · G · Marquis

Illustrated by F·D·Schwalm

José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring. The magic Harp saves José from harm, makes Mother Fedora young again, and guides José to the capital. It wins Lara, a brawny guardsman, to swear himself to José's service, and makes the entire population of the city fall at José's feet as he stands on the sacred King's stone, and plays. José goes to the Governor's house, under his protection, and his music arouses the envy of the Governor's eldest son, who determines to steal the Harp while José sleeps and play it before the King. In the meantime, enemies of the Governor have ridden posthaste to the King with news of the Governor's treason in permitting José to stand on the sacred stone. The King instantly summons the Governor and José to appear before him and immediately they depart for the royal castle, and are ushered into his presence. The harp vindicates the Governor and wins the royal household. The King makes José his heir apparent, at the desire of the people. José studies to fit himself for his high position, and becomes a prince indeed, loved by all. One day the Queen tells him of her only daughter who in childhood suffered sunstroke, and has ever since been violently insane.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued



"SHE has lived on. The King seems to have forgotten her existence. I only and her attendants appear to know that she lives. We have kept her in a remote corner in this very castle where her cries cannot be heard, and woe be to anyone who would visit her quarters."

José now understood what the forbidden wing meant, and a quick plan formed itself in his brain.

"Each morning," continued the Queen, "she is clothed as a princess should be robed, and each evening she has rent her garments into tatters. Her wild beauty remains, but she knows me not; I often wish that she might die, that the evil spirits that possess her might leave her fair young body."

"Wish her not death," cried José. "Her reason shall be restored. Lead me to her!"

"Her reason shall be restored?" cried the Queen, embracing his knees.

"Yes! if the Sun can destroy, the Harp of the Sun can restore. Lead me to her," he said, imperiously, and the Queen rose, dazed, and bade him follow.

Could it be possible, she thought, that her child would be brought back to her! Could it be possible that all

these years there had been within her grasp the great remedy she had prayed for during all her waking hours, and she had never had the wisdom to reach forth her hand and seize it? The miracles of the harp she had seen, but in her weakness of soul she had never dreamt that it could perform such a miracle as José was now about to attempt.

Through the long corridor she led José, and as she approached the room where her daughter lay with her garments rent and her flesh bruised, she almost ceased breathing. But her child had seen her and José, and leaping from the floor of the room, seized the grated door and shook it, madly screaming: "Old witch, old cat, why do you bring that devil to torture me?"

What a strange sight it was, that beautiful,mad, young maniac, and how horrible to hear her cries! She was as fair as a woodland blossom, and but for the fierce light in her eyes, the mad screams, and the tattered garments she wore, no one would have known that she was not as sane as José. For a moment José was stunned by this new experience and forgot his music, till he felt the Queen's arm leaning heavily upon his as if for support.

Then he uncovered his harp, and gazing full in the face of the maniac, appealed to the Sun to aid him, to undo the work it had done, to make whole again the flower it had blighted. As he prayed silently, he touched the vibrant strings and a soothing strain breathed gently along the corridors. It startled the Princess; but only seemed to enrage her the more, and she seized the gratings of her cell door and tugged fiercely at them as though she would break out and rend her tormentors. But the music ceased not, it grew stronger and yet more soothing; at last it reached her long smothered intelligence. Her hands ceased straining at the gratings and fell limp and lifeless at her side. José was conquering; he saw it, and put all his soul and will into his playing. The light of love came back to those wild eyes; but as he played her face grew pale as one smitten unto death, and at last with a cry that penetrated to the farthest corner of the lofty palace, she fell headlong on the floor of her cell.

The Queen, as she saw the old look return to her child's face, saw her grow human once more, rejoiced in her soul. José's music was working its crowning miracle; but at that cry she grew blind with despair. She had had her child restored but to lose her; that cry surely meant death.

The leech and the attendants of the Princess had rushed to the cell on hearing the weird, wild shriek. The door was flung back; and the wise physician bent over the prostrate girl. At length he rose, his face radiant with joy.

"She is not dead," he said, "she is but in a trance."

Scarcely had he spoken when a faint whisper left the motionless lips.

"How hot it is!" she sighed.

"Patience," said the leech. "She thinks she is a child again, lying on the sward in the sun."

"How hot it is! Carry me into the palace!"

Then her eyes opened and they saw that she would indeed live.

"Mother, have I been long here?"

But there was no reply; the Queen could only kiss her hands and her face and her wild hair.

Then the Princess noticed her torn garments, her naked feet and arms, and cried out: "Where am I? What am I?"

"Sweet one, you will know all soon," said the Queen, "you have long been ill; but the Prince, your brother, has charmed you back to life and to us."

Then the Princess turned to José, and the memory of the music that had just wrought such a change in her came back, and she flung her arms about his neck and kissed his warm young lips.

Strange feelings stirred José. His heart was moved with a love he had never felt for Zora or the harp, but as his fingers happened to touch the uncovered instrument beside which he stood, a strangely harsh sound grated from its strings. It awoke José from the quick dream that had possessed him, and he crushed back the rising feeling of love. He hastily drew the covering over his harp, and with an

imperious mien seized it, and without a word hastened away from the astonished group that were filled with joy at the act of the Princess. It was well, they thought; his harp had made him a Prince, his harp had restored their Princess, and in that moment of triumph they saw him with the Princess as his queen seated on the throne.

For the first time since José had received his harp in its woodland home, it was a burden to him. He was tired with the weight of it when he reached his own chamber, for will as he would, that kiss was still burning in his heart.

But he must conquer, and bolting his door and uncovering his treasure, he sat before it and prayed it to keep him faithful to his vow. He had been sorely tempted; but after a tempestuous struggle his old strength returned. The vision of the beautiful, mad girl, the touch of the kiss vanished from his heart, and he was once more strong in his determination to know but one master. His power over the strings was restored, and the music welled forth as of old with balm and strength in its notes. No king, no princess, could again make him unfaithful, even in thought.

CHAPTER XII.

After the recovery of the Princess, who had long been deemed dead by everyone in the kingdom save her immediate attendants at the mountain palace, Prince José was held in still greater reverence than before. He had been thought a man possessed of miraculous gifts, but this last miracle made many bend their knees to him as to a god ; and when he went abroad in the kingdom, people prostrated themselves in the dust before him in humble worship. Such homage had never been done the King save on great occasions ; but the King was not jealous. He loved José as a son, and longed for the time when he could announce to his subjects that he was about to bestow the hand of his daughter on their future king. In this thought, although his hair was now white with age, he grew ever happier.

It was otherwise with José. He was loved, and he knew it. The soft, dark eyes of the Princess, whose reason he had restored, glowed with happiness when he was in her sight, and a tender word from him would set her heart singing. She had known no girlhood ; from a child she had become a woman, but much of a child's confidence and outspoken manner remained with her, and she could not keep from José her feelings for him.

At times the Prince still felt that first warm kiss on his lips, but the woodland musician's warning words were constantly in his mind, and he crushed back thoughts of love. As a result he remained much alone. Stealing to his room and bolting his door, he would converse for hours at a time with his harp. It solaced him, it strengthened him ; but, with all the comfort and strength it brought, his heart ached within him. The battle he was fighting had its effect on the outward man, and his face lost much of its sunny freshness. The smile was not so often on his lips, but in its place was an expression of decision of character given by experience—a wisdom bred of struggle and thoughtfulness.

He spent less of his time now in amusing the King and Queen with his music, and more of it in studying the laws of the country he was to govern, and the constitutions of the other kingdoms with which he was, as the heir-apparent to the throne, brought into contact. If the King had formerly learned to love and admire him, he now began to lean upon him. He soon found that José knew his laws better than he himself who had made them, and in times of difficulty he could depend on his heir having the solutions of the most knotty problems. As the years rolled by, José was never absent from the King's council, and it was a common saying in the kingdom that the Prince, and not the King, ruled. But no one complained ; they had never been so well ruled. Peace was within their borders ; great public works had been undertaken and carried through. There was less crime, less poverty, less wretchedness than had been known in the memory of man. Yet, although fine roads were made through forests and

"IF THE SUN DESTROY, THE HARP OF THE SUN CAN RESTORE." SAID JOSE, IMPERIOUSLY

over mountains, magnificent buildings constructed at the public expense in every town, and broad and deep canals, their taxes were not heavy. The curse of war had been removed, and so wisely had José levied the taxes, that the burden on each individual was lighter than in the olden days, when they

poured out their treasure to purchase swords and battle-axes.

At times, however, the old King, whose arm was still strong, longed for the good ancient days when he charged at the head of his choice troops into the hosts of the enemy. The sound of the trumpet, the clash of the swords, the sight of blood he still longed for. He was a warrior born and bred, and this time of peace did not altogether satisfy his kingly nature. He would often look at José and say to himself, if he would only put some of the energy into the study of battle he does into the making of laws we might extend our kingdom to the ends of the earth. But no suggestion would ever make José think of taking sword in hand. He was building up a great and prosperous kingdom without the shedding of blood, and that satisfied him.

In the meantime, however, the soldiers, through not occasionally whetting their swords on the helmets and weapons of their enemies, were losing some of their old prowess. Playing at war was not like the real thing, and the King, with sorrow, saw his men degenerating ; and, despite José's influence, he began to look about him for an occasion to give his troops an opportunity of learning what war meant with the arrows falling thickly about them and the well-tempered steel ringing on their armor.

Scarcely had he determined to put his desire into act when from over the seas and mountains came strange stories of gigantic war-like preparations. Ships were being built, great siege-engines were in process of construction, the forges of the armorers were busy day and night, and a vast host of men were assembling from the North and the South and the East.

Ever since it had been noised abroad that he had in his kingdom a wonder-working musician, the other powers had turned on him a jealous eye. They had seen with hatred the growing prosperity of their rival monarch. His ships were ploughing every sea ; his commerce had increased a hundred-fold ; peace, prosperity, happiness were in his borders. At the same time, they noticed that, while he was growing in prosperity, in a sense he was weaker than were they. His men no longer delighted in arms. Formerly the strong men of his country enlisted in the army or the navy ; now they were to be found at the plow, in the workshops, or in the great merchant-ships that skimmed the inland sea and the ocean, laden with rich cargoes. He had become like a lion among curs ; but they had the power to bite, and by uniting their forces they might be able to utterly destroy the kingdom that threatened to dominate them all. The hatred and desire for war was universal. The people desired it because they found their trade fast being monopolized by their enemy ; the soldiers because they remembered how often, in the olden days, they had suffered defeat from his army ; the priests because they believed José, the miracle-working one, to be of the devil.

The great King was certainly going to have an opportunity to test his men; and when he saw to what proportions the crusade had grown, he trembled for the safety of his kingdom. However, he grew young again under the prospect of a fight which he knew would be the struggle of his life. He felt he would win even against the hordes that were getting ready to invade his territory. Then, too, there was the Prince ; he knew that somehow José would play an important part in quelling the invaders. If, he thought, he were by my side in battle, with a smoking sword in his hand, he would be a king indeed.

He had little time for reflection, however. Up and down his kingdom he went, stationing troops, strengthening his cities' walls, selecting places where it would be well to give battle to the enemy. He had no time to lose. The seas were black with the crowded barges bearing the armies to his shores; over the mountains came nations like a swarm of locusts. It was useless to endeavor to keep them back ; his only hope was to meet them in one great fight and by daring and strategy, to vanquish their hosts. If he could not do this, then the end of his rule would be near at hand. However, he had

determined to die in the thick of the fray before that day arrived.

Soon news of reverses began to pour in ; the outlying towns had surrendered without resistance, and the fields were being laid waste as the invading army drew near the heart of his kingdom. But he did not despair. He was strong in cavalry, he knew the country, and in one great fight he would vanquish his foes ; the very territory they were laying waste would battle in his behalf, as, in their retreat, their army would perish for lack of food. Besides, his great chief city had impregnable walls, was amply stocked with food for years, and the defences were manned by an army capable of keeping a host ten times its strength at bay.

Meanwhile, José seemed to take but little interest in the impending struggle. He was more melancholy than ever at the thought of so much bloodshed, and spent much of his time alone with his harp, or with the Queen and Princess. It never entered his head that any force could vanquish the armies of the kingdom led by their great warrior King. However, the Queen at length aroused him from his uninterested state.

She received word one evening that on the morrow a great battle would be fought in the valley a few miles from the mountain palace, and close to the great white city of the plains. The King had so planned it that in case of defeat he could retreat to either place. Her eyes knew no sleep that night ; but all through the dark hours she lay awake, listening to the distant sound of the gathering armies, or going to the castle towers to watch the moving lights of the host. At length day broke, and with its coming the shrill, fierce sounds of battle began to be heard among the hills. Louder and louder they grew, and even José's veins felt a fierce heat beating through them. All day the struggle went on, and from their point of vantage, they could now catch glimpses of the battle as the sun flashed back from the armor and weapons of the struggling warriors, and again see the clouds of dust rolling in unbroken masses as the cavalry of the King dashed fiercely against the vast host, which, at the particular point where the charge was made, invariably broke and was scattered. But it was an endless host, and the front was broken only to form again with fresh troops. So the afternoon was passing, and the hopelessness of the King's struggle was beginning to make itself felt to the watchers. As José realized this, his heart began to burn fiercely within him.

Suddenly the Queen cried out in anguish. Far down the valley road she instinctively recognized, galloping riderless, the charger of the King, and simultaneously in the valley the army of her husband seemed to waver, to halt, to retreat in wild confusion. All was lost. As they approached the city they were seen suddenly to turn in their tracks. The enemy's cavalry were there before them, and now their only safety lay in the hill fortress, to which they were fleeing with death at their heels.

José grasped the situation in an instant, and made up his mind to once more try the powers of his instrument. This army was coming to seize him and bear him afar, so rumor had said. He remembered the shields, and battle-axes, and spears in the woodland cave ; he would test it in the thick of the fight. He rushed to his chamber, snatched his harp from its resting-place, and flew to the castle's entrance. The Queen had ordered her chariot to be prepared that she might go forth and meet her lord as he came back victorious from battle. The white horses in the golden car stood restlessly pawing the ground and champing at their bits. Into the car José leaped and bade the driver speed. No one ever disobeyed the Prince, and even though the Queen alone drove behind these horses, the driver knew that he would be forgiven if he disobeyed her instructions, to obey the word of his future King.

Down the high road the chariot rolled. Riderless horses, that had broken from the flying mass that could be seen struggling up from the valley, flew by him. The King's steed, the mighty black charger the Queen had recognized so far off, was among them. His reins were cut, his neck and thighs

were bleeding from great, gaping wounds, and the saddle was slashed with a mighty sword cut. The King had evidently sold his life dearly. Soon they came upon strong men with the terror of pursuing death on their countenances ; on men staggering along with painful wounds ; on men risking their lives to help their stricken comrades to safety ; on bodies lying by the roadside and in the road where they had fallen exhausted. But the wheels of war could not stop ; over them they ruthlessly pressed.

José's heart had frozen within him. The King must be saved, or, if dead, must be avenged. The driver was not having an easy time of it ; the crowd of flying warriors was blocking the way, and the long road into the valley was now densely packed. José suddenly remembered what he had come to do. He must check this flight ; he must make courage crowd fear from the soldiers' hearts. The harp had long taught men peace and love ; it must now inspire them to strike bloody blows.

He almost dreaded to make the appeal for strength in fight to the instrument which so long had brought peace only to the kingdom ; but he must, and uncovering the harp while the blazing sun still shone on the earth, he smote the strings, and a fierce, inspiring music fell upon the ears of the terrified soldiers. It rose above the sounds of the fleeing army. The crowd parted before the galloping steeds and the rolling chariot ; it paused, turned, and followed in the wake of the onrushing wheels. At length, the advance of the pursuing host was reached; the enemy were ruthlessly striking down from behind men who had become unnerved and were as sheep under the butcher's knife ; but, as they caught the sound of José's music, the fleeing soldiers stood firm and smote at their destroyers.

Instantly the tables were turned. The mounted men of the army were far in advance of the main host, and were exhausted with their hot pursuit and work of slaughter ; and fell an easy prey to the soldiers whose hearts were renewed within them under the magic of the music. Only a few escaped, and these rushed to the protection of the foot-soldiers with tidings that filled their fellows-in-arms with a superstitious dread that created a panic. The armies of heaven had come to the rescue of the soldiers they had just beaten. The one chariot became a thousand, the one harper an army of white-robed angels—not with harps in their hands, but with flaming swords.

While the ill news was being spread, the chariot, surrounded by the cavalry in which the great King took such pride, swept into sight.

José was now clear of the hills, and the broad valley where the battle had raged since sunrise was spread before him ; and what a magnificent and horrible spectacle met his gaze. From end to end it was filled with the armies of many nations—fierce fanatical warriors from the East and South, with glittering armor and shining swords and shields ; giants from the North, great, sunny-haired fellows, with clubs and battle-axes such as the Titans might have wielded when they fought with the gods ; slingers from the islands of the Great Sea, who from their cliffs could, with unerring aim, bring down the swift-winged gulls. But the host no longer presented the bold, unbroken front it had shown when José and the Queen viewed it from the fortress heights. It was jagged and broken, some parts of it had far outstripped the others, and the plains, heaped with dead and dying men, and with the bodies of horses that had fallen in the fight, prevented them from advancing with the wall-like formation that could alone resist the cavalry which was now rushing like an irresistible mountain stream upon them.

Into the vanguard José rode, and, as his followers charged to left and right, the enemy's horsemen once more broke and fled, falling back upon a compact company of bowmen from the far East, throwing them into utter confusion. But the gleaming chariot was upon them ; they hurled one swift flight of arrows at José ; but, as with

THE MONARCHS PLEADED WITH JOSE TO BRING H HARP INTO THE HALL AT NIGHT, THE PLEASURE-TIME OF KINGS

Lara, their bow-strings snapped, and they, too, panic-stricken, fell back upon the main army which, at the strange conduct of the troops leading the pursuit, had been drawn up once more in battle array. José, fiercely riding over dead and dying, friend and foe, clanged forth an unceasing strain from his harp, a music that was borne to his followers even above the uproar of battle and filled them with dauntless courage. Their only thoughts were to press close to that gleaming car, to keep within sound of that inspiring strain, and to slay. Through the compact mass in front, along the line to left and right, swept the chariot; and where it went, terror, confusion and death were left behind it. At last, the great army cast away its useless weap-

ons and fled for their lives—all save one force that had taken its stand on a rocky hill that jutted from the plain.

They have determined to fight till death, thought José ; but no, he saw the reason of their conduct. The Commander-in-Chief of this vast host had taken up his stand on this hill to watch the slaughter of his enemies ; and now, in the sudden overthrow of his plans and his hopes, he was not prepared for flight. He had determined to save himself, however, and as the onrushing horsemen, headed by José, came into full view, he came forth on a cliff's edge and stood in all his majesty with another warrior taller and more majestic by his side.

José and his men recognized the second figure. It was the King. After all, he was not dead ; he would yet be restored to his kingdom. Up the steep slope they clambered, slaying or driving back the companies that were sent out to check the advance. Before they could reach the main body, however, their leader, in a loud voice, roared out as he drew his sword : "Advance farther and your monarch shall die."

For a moment there was a panic among the victorious troops as they saw the sword raised over the King's head ; and even José's hands fell from his harp. Then he wished that the good King were free, and as he wished he again smote the strings ; and, lo, the bonds on the hands and feet of the monarch were burst, and, unheedful of the sword in the hands of his enemy, he seized him in his powerful arms and hurled him headlong over the high cliff.

A wild, exulting cheer rent the air, and the advance recommenced ; but the poor, cowering wretches surrendered themselves and the treasure of the army to the King whom a moment before they had been threatening and deriding.

For several days the slaughter went on, and soon from the mountains in the North to the great rock in the South no foe was to be found, save those who were in the crowded prisons of the King.

To the people José became more of a god than ever ; and to the Princess, now that he had saved the kingdom and the King, he grew yet dearer. After the victory he once more tried to lead the quiet life he had led before the invasion, but the King was old, and had been severely wounded in the fight, and José had to spend much of his time in doing the King's work in the nation. Power was his, and soon he began to delight in the power his own mind gave him over his own people and over the countries far and near on which he levied tribute.

CHAPTER XIII.

The great war had left a serious mark on the victorious nation. Many of the best men in the kingdom had been killed, many of the good works constructed in the public interests had been destroyed, and vast regions, which before had been rich in vineyards and cornfields, were now waste wildernesses. The King had been severely wounded, and for many months after the enemy had been driven from the shores, he was unable to attend to the affairs of the nation, and José had to take his place in making laws, in enforcing them, in presiding over the councils of the different cities within the kingdom, and in selecting men for important offices. He had long since learned that the kingdom was weak or strong according to the strength of the Governors, and so he was ever on the watch for faithful men to do the King's will.

The chief loss, however, that had befallen the kingdom in the war was the death of José's old friend, the Governor of the great White City. He had made a last mighty effort to rally the men of his city just before José had appeared on the field, but had been slain at the head of a chosen few, who died to a man before the host of the enemy was able to enter the gates they had sworn to defend.

José had, with the consent of the King, given the city into the hands of the Governor's son, who, when a lad, had endeavored to steal his harp ; but he proved to be a weak ruler. The people did not trust him, and rumor of his misrule caused the King to demand an investigation, and he was

found to have abused his power. The King, from his bed of sickness, demanded that he be slain ; but José pleaded for softer measures, and had his way. The Governor's son was deposed, and sent across the seas ; and José was to learn what ingratitude meant, for the man he had befriended began to plot his ruin ; but, much as they wished it, none of the surrounding monarchs who had experienced José's marvelous powers would risk taking up the exile's cause.

The city, however, was without a Governor ; and as the King was thought to be growing strong enough to look after the affairs of his kingdom in general for himself, the citizens began to clamor for the Prince to come and rule over them. Their desire was not unwelcome to José. He wished to get away from the royal household. Much as he loved the Queen, much as he honored the great King, who, despite his gruffness, had many admirable qualities, he was not happy. The sorrowful face of the young Princess was ever before him. He knew what was in her heart, and, but for his vow, he would have returned her love ; and the effort to crush back his feelings had stamped his face with a sadness that was but a faint expression of the conflict that had gone on in his heart He begged the King to give the citizens their desire. He would rule them as they had been ruled of old ; he would try to guide them with the same gentle sternness that had made the former governor such a successful ruler. His wish was granted, and to the great White City, a kingdom in itself, he went ; and there was mourning in the King's high palace.

The light of day vanished from the life of the Princess, and she was never happy save when business of state called the Prince to the side of the King. Though José was installed in the late governor's position, he was far more than a governor. The King's wound at times still unfitted him for his high office, and much of the burden of the whole kingdom fell on José. And well did he do his work. If the kingdom had flourished before when he was but a prince, able only to suggest great works to the King, it prospered tenfold when he had the rule in his own hands. The public works that the cruel war had destroyed were restored ; the country which had been laid waste by fire and sword was once more a blossoming garden, fair to the eye ; and in the fields and factories the sound of the happy people singing at their work could be heard.

However, José was not happy. Late and early he toiled at his duties ; and the people wondered how one so young could take so little pleasure out of life. Their idea of pleasure was feasting and dancing and such amusements, and in these José had no delight. Despite his efforts to get away from his own thoughts, the beautiful, sad face of the Princess would break in upon his duties and his dreams, and his heart ached within him, and not even his harp could bring comfort to his soul.

At length the King, from age and his wounds, felt that he was no longer capable of ruling his kingdom. He must rest ; and he sent for the Prince, and to the delight of his people, made him regent in his stead. There was, however one condition fixed in his offer. José must marry the Princess. But José could not ; he did not love the King's daughter, so he said. But the bluff King replied : " Love ! whoever heard of love among Kings and Queens ? The state and the people are everything. If it is well for the state, the sovereign should marry her whom he hates. A King is wedded to his kingdom ; and if you are to sit secure on my throne, the only child of my blood must be your Queen."

José, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, yielded to the King's wish. He could still keep his vow, he said to himself ; the Princess would be but a part of his life, as were the buildings, the canals, the harbors, and the people of the kingdom. But deep, deep in his heart he loved her with a great love ; and that day at sunset, when he looked upon his harp, it seemed to shrink from him, and he could not touch its strings ; and the people who were accustomed to listen eagerly for its music wondered why the master's hand re-

frained from touching its sacred chords on that day. On the morrow, when they heard that he was to marry the Princess, the wise among them thought they understood : love had left him silent—all his thoughts were for the fair Princess. They rejoiced greatly at the news, but they rejoiced still more when they learned that he had decided to build a great palace in their city, a palace worthy of the harp and the Princess. The seclusion of the mountain castle had no temptation for José ; he felt that he must dwell continually in the busy haunts of men.

Soon in the city an army of men were preparing the foundations of what was to be the greatest palace the world had ever known. Then the walls began to rise slowly, but with a perfection of beauty that far outshone anything that had ever been seen in the kingdom. José watched its growth from day to day, and in his occupation he seemed to forget about the Princess, who, in the King's palace, was anxiously awaiting word that the building was finished, for then the desire of her heart was to be granted, and she was to be wedded to José. But the Prince had not forgotten, and kept putting off the day of his marriage by causing delay in the completion of his palace ; but at length he could delay no longer, and the vast structure stood complete in every detail.

From far and near in the kingdom people flocked to see the wonderful edifice ; and from over the seas they came. Each one wished to hear the music that had wrought all the marvels they had heard about. But José rarely touched the harp now : he was depending on his own strength. He was keeping the vow in the letter while breaking it in the spirit, and he no longer seemed to have his old mastery over its strings. It would answer his touch regretfully, as it were, and only when he was alone would he dare trust himself to uncover it.

At last the day for his marriage was appointed, and it was decreed that for several weeks before that day the nation should be given over to rejoicing. Kings from far lands were bidden to the marriage feast, and from every part of the world they came. Never had there been so much wealth and beauty seen in the city, and yet the richest among them saw how much José's palace eclipsed their most magnificent buildings, and they bowed before it and its owner in reverent awe. The Prince accepted their homage like a king, and at the same time his old power over his instrument seemed to return to him. During the weeks of the feasting he brought his harp into the banquet hall, and it swayed the wills of the monarchs as it had done Lara at the gate of the city, the populace in the great square, the King and Queen in the judgment hall, the mad Princess in her cell and the terrified mob of fleeing soldiers. Each evening at sunset he shrouded it in its mantle, and the sound of its music being stilled, he went to his chamber with a heavy heart. Still the feast went on, and during the night the brilliantly lighted hall resounded with the notes of many instruments, but all seemed harsh and discordant after the divine music of the day.

The monarchs pleaded with the player to bring his harp into the hall during the pleasure-time of kings, night, when the polished walls and floors, the richly laden tables and the gorgeous dresses sparkled under the golden lamps that eclipsed the brightness of the sun. But José would not. At length, but one night remained for feasting ; on the morrow José would have wedded the daughter of the King, and, as regent, he would be installed in place of the King. The guests became more urgent than ever in their requests, and the Prince began to wish within himself that he could grant their desires.

As he played during that day the very harp seemed prompting him to uncover it after nightfall ; and when the sun was setting it kept pleading with him, he thought, to follow the dictates of his heart. He had yielded to the tempter, and the instrument was longing to return to the master who had been faithful to it for a thousand years, and who was, no doubt, restlessly waiting in the forest cavern for its return to him. It seemed to say

to José, the sun has not set ; you, by your genius, have scattered night ; the light of your hall is more brilliant than the light of day ; play me to-night; gratify the Kings and the Queens who have gathered from afar to honor you, your Princess, and me.

The harp was in reality merely responding to the wishes of his heart. He had broken his other vows, there was only this one to break, and the end of his greatness would come. He was but the instrument through which the power of the harp was given to the world, and now that he had failed under temptation he was to lose his power. Of this he had no thought. He listened to the voice that was luring him on, with the thought that he had created a sun greater than that of day a sun that made the banqueting-hall of the day a commonplace thing, he consented to give one supreme evidence of his skill as a musician prince.

Into the palace, bright with its myriad lamps, lively with laughter, and gleaming like a rainbow with the colors of the gorgeous robes of the lords and ladies, queens and kings, the Prince brought the harp in its black mantle, the only dark object in the vast room. As he entered, some, even above the mirth and the laughter and the music, heard a sudden peal of thunder rend the sky. But they heeded it not. What was storm to them ; light and warmth and safety were theirs in this lofty banquet hall. When José seated himself on his high throne at the end of the hall, a strange, unearthly silence fell upon the crowd ; and the low mutterings of thunder that rolled over the broad dome were heard distinctly by all, and a fear fell upon them.

The Prince, too, was chilled with dread ; but there was no turning back now. He would be the laughing-stock of the world if he refused to play after consenting to bring his harp into the festive hall—a soul-less, will-less prince he would ever seem. So he tore from his instrument the black mantle, and the blaze of the jewels in its golden frame smote upon the eyes of the guests till they were almost blinded with the light. José, too, felt the fierce glare, and reeled like a man going to his own death. But the madness of selfish desire was upon him. He struck fiercely at the strings of his instrument ; but they did not respond to his touch.

A mighty cry as from a broken heart rang through the hall, and the guests in terror rose from their seats ; but they stood dumb with fear. The palace lights grew dim, a blackness spread over the hall, the night was made ghastly with vivid lightning that flashed in at the windows ; then great thundering was heard, and a storm beat against the palace ; and in thunder, lightning, wind and rain it crumbled to the ground. Not one stone was left upon another, and in the midst of the ruins of the magnificent building the terrified guests stood drenched and bedraggled—marvelous to relate, none were missing. Only the harper and his instrument could not be found. When the storm abated, the people searched diligently among the ruins. Every stone was removed, every beam was carried away ; but no trace of the man who had been so much to the city and the kingdom could be found ; the beloved Prince had mysteriously vanished with his wonderful harp. There was mourning in the kingdom, and much searching, but only the memory of the man who had done so much for them, and his deeds, lived in the land Doubtless the harp had gone back to its woodland home, to gladden the birds and the beasts, and to freshen the flowers until some worthy hand could be found to carry it once more to the world of men.

To be concluded

THE ELECTED FOR SERVICE

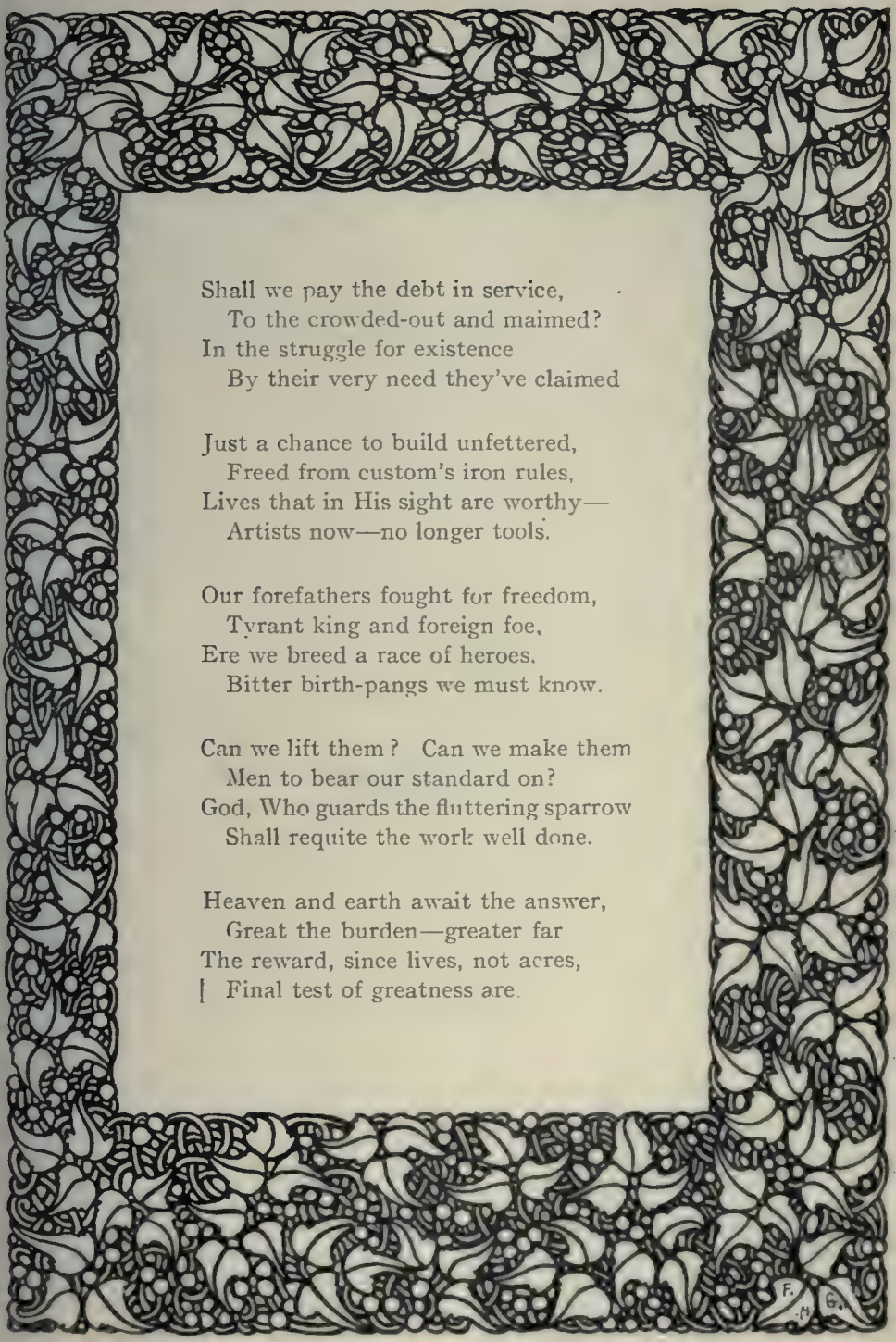
BY MARTHA J. KELLY

CLEAR and still, aflood with sunshine,
God's blue sky broods o'er us all;
Ours are mine and lake and forest,
Heritage nor mean nor small.

How then shall we use our birthright?
Shall we close our eyes to need,
And, to keep our shield unsullied,
Scorn to shelter "alien breed"?

"He that saves his life shall lose it."
We but hold the land in fee;
If we spurn the weak, remember—
"Ye have done it unto Me."

We are debtors to all nations,
To each color, race and creed,
Their successes, failures, efforts,
Of our goodness were the seed.



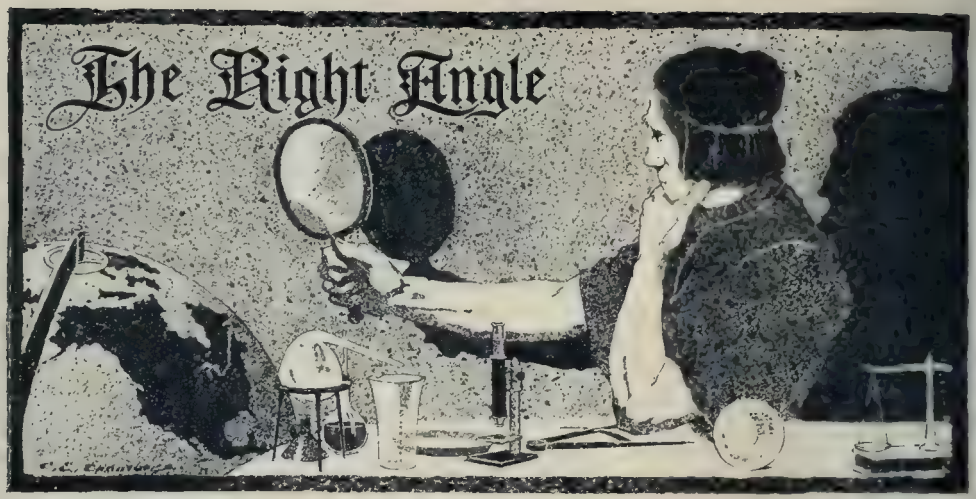
Shall we pay the debt in service,
To the crowded-out and maimed?
In the struggle for existence
By their very need they've claimed

Just a chance to build unfettered,
Freed from custom's iron rules,
Lives that in His sight are worthy—
Artists now—no longer tools.

Our forefathers fought for freedom,
Tyrant king and foreign foe,
Ere we breed a race of heroes,
Bitter birth-pangs we must know.

Can we lift them? Can we make them
Men to bear our standard on?
God, Who guards the fluttering sparrow
Shall requite the work well done.

Heaven and earth await the answer,
Great the burden—greater far
The reward, since lives, not acres,
Final test of greatness are.



AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

OF all the men who know something of D. D. Mann's character and life, there is none better fitted to write of him than Augustus Bridle, the author of "The Man Who Does a Day's Work," in this issue of CANADA MONTHLY. Mr. Bridle has worked with broad-axe gangs, scoring square timber for Canadian barns—many a day; a man with the shoulders of a piano-mover, and the look of the out-of-doors about him. He is the sort to understand a human pile-driver like Mann, and to run that understanding out at the point of a pen, for, not content with handling the axe, he has the knack of the goose-quill, too. Augustus Bridle, you remember, was the man whose story Jack London appropriated, excusing himself afterwards with the remark that he "made literature out of it." Which excuse didn't alter the fact that the story, as written by Mr. Bridle, was good enough and valuable enough and "literature" enough to have been published in one of the best American magazines before London ever touched pen to it.

More than this, Augustus Bridle is fitted to understand Mann because both of them have a faith in Canada that amounts almost to a passion. Mann's faith is shown by his works, as is proved by steel and furnace and dock, where not so long since lay field and wood and breeze-rippled river—and as for Bridle, things he has now and then written amid the routine of weekly journalism prove that to him Canada means more than a place in which to make a living. Speaking to a gathering of Englishmen a few weeks ago he came very near to an explanation of what it really means to be a Canadian—in feeling. Augustus Bridle's belief and faith in Canada are as some unknown and homely poet said of love, "a thing to walk with, hand in hand, through the every-dayness of this workaday world."

The story of his life has more than a touch of romance. He has a natural ear for music and a natural gift of words, but in spite of these he might very easily have remained in the "bread-and-dripping" class all his days if it were not for his determined pluck. Born in England, he has grown up with the woods and fields of Canada; he has built himself up from a ragged and penniless urchin, through obstacles and hindrances that would have kept many a lad between the plough-handles all his life, in spite of hard knocks and poverty and disappointments, and winning out by sheer courage and bull-dog grip.

This is the first time that Mr. Bridle's work has appeared in our columns; it is not by any means the last. We want our readers to know the man and his writings, for he is a virile and significant figure in the Canadian literary world to-day.

UNEXPLORED

THE maps are all getting civilized, nowadays. Fifty years — even twenty-five years ago, what magnificent pinkish blank spaces there were in the old geographies, crossed lightly by the one word, "Unexplored," for Young Adventure to pore over, what deserts, what fuzzy little whirls that meant mountains, what vaguely indicated rivers that bore no names! Where have they gone? Manchuria is spotted with "skis" and "offs" innumerable; Alaska is getting out newspapers and electing mayors with all the aplomb of Toronto; the Great American Desert is cut into town-lots. As far as the North American youngster is concerned, the Barren Lands, so-called, are about the only dream-stuff left him.

He will have to grow up swiftly, small Young Adventure, if he would go exploring even there. For even to-day Harry V. Radford is outfitting at Edmonton for a journey that will begin with the first signs of spring, and by the time these words are printed will be comfortably in winter quarters at Fort Smith, waiting for the break-up that will set him on the unmarked trail. The information he will bring back with him will probably settle the hash of the "Barren Land" title completely. Already J. B. Tyrrell knows that region fairly well, and other men have done more or less exploring there, and have brought back word of oil and minerals and half a dozen products that might make a nation rich. You will notice that they don't call it the "Barren Lands." To the knowledge gathered by these men, Radford will add the result of several years' exploration and study under the Aurora, if his plans work out.

Briefly, he expects to go from Fort Smith, on the Slave River, across the Barren Lands east of Great Slave Lake to Baker Lake, at the head of Chesterfield Inlet, that long arm of Hudson's Bay that stretches so many miles inland from the upper end of the great inland sea. This point he expects to reach next September, and where he goes thence will depend on the action of the Dominion Government.

MR. TWIGGS AND AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Although he is Chairman of the Bristol Docks Committee, and no small man either physically or in affairs, H. W. Twiggs isn't big enough to hide those piano-mover shoulders of Mr. Bridle

To Cape Fullerton every summer the Dominion steamer goes with a year's supply of provisions and necessaries for the Mounted Police stationed there. Radford has asked the Government to permit this steamer to carry two tons of supplies to be delivered to him at the head of Chesterfield Inlet, a voyage of a few hundred miles additional, all cost of supplies and transportation being defrayed by the explorer.

It is to be hoped that the Government will accede to this request, for Radford's exploration work has already proved most valuable, and his maps and data of the country south and east of Great Slave Lake have been approved and officially accepted. Such information as he will collect in a three years' trip west from Chesterfield Inlet to Alaska will be of great importance in determining the value of Canada's great northern territory, and nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of giving him all possible assistance on his lonely and hazardous expedition.

ANONYMOUS

IT is a pity that newspapers and periodicals should ever have set the fashion of reprinting bits of verse without credit to the author. Here in Canada the custom is gradually going out of favor, and it is seldom that a man's work is run without his name. It still seems, however, to prevail in England, and on account of it, we cannot give the name of the author of "Prince Tatters," the charming scrap of child-character which we give below :

Little Prince Tatters has lost his cap,
Over the hedge he threw it ;
Into the river it fell "kerslap !"
Stupid old thing to do it !
Now mother may sigh and nurse may fume
For the little grey cap with its eagle plume.
"One cannot be thinking all day of such matters !
Trifles are trifles !" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his coat,
Playing he did not need it ;
Left it right there by the nanny-goat,
"And nobody never seed it !"
Now mother and nurse may search t'l night
For the little new coat with its buttons bright ;
But "Coat-sleeves or shirt-sleeves, how little it matters !
Trifles are trifles!" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his ball,—
Rolled away down the street.
Somebody'll have to find it, that's all,
Before he can sleep or eat.
Now raise the neighborhood quickly, do !
And send for the crier and constable, too.
"Trifles are trifles ; but serious matters,
They must be seen to," says little Prince Tatters.

Isn't it delightfully small-boyish ? There's not a father or mother of a sturdy six-year-old that will not recognize his own tousle-head in these three roguish verses. Whoever the author may be, his voice is true and his heart warm.

THE COMPARATIVE PRESENT

THESE are the d ys of the comparative in Western Canada. The positive of pioneer bacon-and-flour days is gone; the country is proved good. The superlative is still an ideal. The comparative is everywhere. Better This and Greater That, More Acreage, Heavier Yields, Bigger Population, Healthier Climate—you can't get away from it. Not a city but boasts that it is more something-or-other than its neighbor; not a man but will measure his strength in friendly rivalry against another man; not a single good Canadian but is working to make Canada better, digging away at to-day's comparative for the sake of the future superlative of his ideal. The newest little siding-and-water-tank town is full of this energetic optimism, and cocks a prophetic eye forward to the time when it shall be a flourishing ten, twenty or thirty thousander, with its name on the map in black-face capitals; the biggest and oldest city is perfectly willing to continue to grow.

Ever since Regina was a camp-fire and a coffee-pot and a grazing pony; ever since the Mounted Police first toted their portable barracks across the prairies in the late seventies, Regina has had a determination to grow. It has been on the map in black-face capitals for some time, but it isn't content with that, as the attractive brochure recently issued by the Greater Regina Club—notice the comparative?—emphatically states. It has climbed from the original population of two—the cow-puncher and his pony—to seventeen thousand; from a fur depot to a well-appointed city; from a patch of grass in the Northwest Territory to the Capital of a big Province. And, as the Greater Regina Club proclaims, it is going to keep it up till it gets to the top of the tree.

It is a splendid thing to see the comparatives steadily coming to stand for more quantity and better quality. Every "Greater," "Bigger" and "Better" is a step forward, and cannot be too strongly encouraged. In the words of the baseball fan, "Come on, you Regina!"

THE GRENADIER'S FAREWELL

FAR out on Belle Isle, as solitary a human habitation as fronts the grey North Atlantic seas, storm-racked, wave-beaten, lies the Belle Isle Light. There dwell the light-keepers, a little handful of men with the narrowed, far-sighted eyes of those accustomed to peer through fog and smother across

the sullen swells where the steamers come and go—a handful of lonely, solitary men, cut off from the world for weeks at a time, except for the invisible thread of the wireless that keeps them in tenuous touch with the distant city and the journeying ships of the sea. Theirs is a monotonous, narrow life; the task of keeping the great eye of the light burning between dusk and dawn, of keeping the flame of life burning in themselves, of relaying the wireless messages from outgoing and incoming liners from station to station back to the steamship offices in Quebec and Montreal, where the tall aerials reach clutching, sensitive fingers to the sky. Unromantic enough, this, when done day after long day; monotonous enough; and when the hour of danger comes, the hour for which they must always be ready to the last least oarlock in the boat, what the world may hail as heroism looks to the hero pretty much like plain hard work flavored with a neat chance of inflammatory rheumatism for his pains.

To these men not long since was given a curious and significant tribute, when the "Royal Edward" took His Majesty's Grenadier Guards Band home from Canada. Captain Roberts, who knows, as all deep-sea sailors do, the unostentatious, every-day heroism of the light-keepers, and the narrow routine of their lives, suggested to Band Master Williams that, as they steamed past Belle Isle, the Grenadiers should bid farewell to Canada's last far-reaching rock and the keepers of the light set on its wind-bitten granite. The Grenadiers assembled on the navigating deck, and as the "Royal Edward" heaved abreast of the station, the conductor's baton, rising sharply, brought the opening bars of "Rule Britannia" crashing out on the still sunny air, and carrying with the southerly wind to the lonely watchers on the cliff.

It is doubtful if a band ever played to a more appreciative audience than those few who could be plainly discerned against the lime-washed buildings which mark the lighthouses and Marconi station perched eyrie-wise on a terrace of the cliffs. "Rule Britannia," "Highland Laddie," "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King" followed each other in quick succession, and on the rock the little audience listened with all their ears.

Before the "Royal Edward" was out of sight of Belle Isle, the wireless instrument recorded the thanks and appreciation of the light-keepers, and a "bon voyage" to the returning Grenadiers. The little drama was over in a few minutes, but there is no man who was aboard the "Royal Edward" who will ever forget that sunny afternoon, that little group of figures against the white walls, and the splendid, triumphant chords of Britain's national air sweeping across her seas.

THE WINGS

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

Scarce can a man breast back the pavement's tide,
Yet look you where th ggar, bent and frail,
Flings charity in turn, the burnished doves
Peck boldly; n the sun-bathed, thrusting press
A gap breaks. Curious how amid the crush
They insolently know that they have wings!

CLEAN MUSICAL COMEDY.

"THE day of the vulgar musical comedy is past," said W. D. Nesbit, recently, leaning back in his office chair and smiling like a friendly full moon. And certainly Mr. Nesbit ought to speak with authority, for he whom CANADA MONTHLY'S readers know as a poet and humorist is also author of "The Girl of My Dreams," which has made so wholesome a success this season in the musical comedy world.

"People don't go to smutty shows any more," he went on. "Perhaps that is partly why the Girl has done so well. There isn't a line of smut in it, though with the complications of the plot there was every chance to make it risqué to a finish. People don't want it; never did want it, for that matter; and besides, Leila MacIntyre wouldn't touch any part that wasn't absolutely—

"Yes, she used to be in vaudeville. That's where she met John Hyams—at the Illinois Theatre, in Chicago. They married, and kept on with their vaudeville work—used to have a sketch together called "The Quakeress," that made a hit every time. "The Girl of My Dreams" was written to fit them, and—well, you've seen Leila MacIntyre as the little thee-and-thou lady. Isn't she quaint and dainty? Of course she is, and as for little Leila—well!

"But to come back to the point. People like a clean show, to which they can take the children—sometimes there are as many children in the house as there are grown-ups, and they all go crazy over little Leila. Leila is just about half-past five, and as frolicsome a midget as ever wore ankle-ties. She hasn't a speaking part, of course, but her mother says she intends to make her an actress, for the child takes to it as a chicken takes to corn."

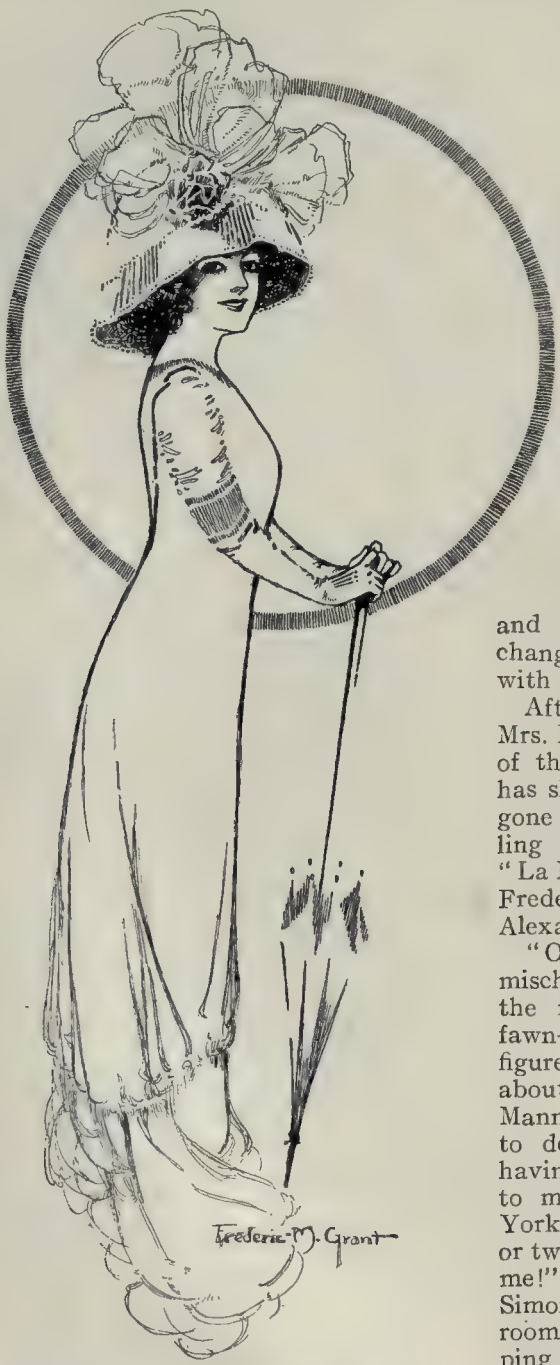
Mr. Nesbit broke off, and chuckled reminiscently. "Did you hear how little Leila broke the rules last week? No? Well, you know how close to the stage the lower tier of boxes are—it's just like being in the wings. There was a family box-party including a little girl about Leila's age in one of them, and that little girl was most interested in everything Leila did. All through the play she watched her, and at last at the end of one scene she couldn't contain herself any longer, but jumping up on her tiptoes she waved her hands and beckoned and squealed with joy—you know how children do. For a minute Leila hesitated, and then in spite of rules and regulations, she scampered across the stage straight into the little girl's arms and got a big bear hug while the audience, between amusement and tears, laughed and hunted for its handkerchiefs.

"Leila's mother gets to people's hearts just the same way. I look to see her go high. She is a born comedienne; it isn't necessary for her to use tricks and weird make-up to win her audience; all she needs to be is just her

LEILA MACINTYRE, THE LITTLE THEE-AND-THOU LADY IN "*The Girl of My Dreams*"

own attractive self. There's another thing about the whole family, too; they're all of them wholesome and sweet. They don't waste themselves in champagne suppers and joy-rides and all the time-dishonored business of the stage couple who start on Broadway and end in Reno. After theatre they

have a quiet little supper with perhaps a friend or so, and then home to bed at a reasonable hour."



CLARA LIPMAN WAITING FOR HER CUE
As Simone La Fee, she is unreasonable and spank-worthy, but adorable just the same

"B-r-r-r!" interrupted the telephone, and Mr. Nesbit paused with his hand on the receiver, smiling. "Say it's a wholesome show," he finished, "and tell 'em to bring the kiddies. Good-bye!"

THE MARRIAGE OF A STAR

"I WISH I were like Clara Lipman," complained a girl in the front row between acts. "When I get mad, everybody reaches for the hatchet, but when she gets mad, everybody just laughs."

Even when Miss Lipman, as Simone la Fee is most unreasonable and bullying and spank-worthy, she is adorable, too. Perhaps the trick lies in being saucy and rounded and five-foot nothing of impudence and charm; and perhaps in real life things might be slightly different. But anyhow, she heals all her naughtinesses with a kiss and a coaxing word,—and presto, change! everybody is as much in love with her as ever.

After several years of domesticity as Mrs. Louis Mann—the inimitable Louie of the German accent—Miss Lipman has slipped her halter for a little, and gone vacationing as the spoilt, sparkling heroine of the French comedy, "La Mariage d'une Etoile," adapted by Frederick Donaghey from the text of Alexandre Bisson and George Thurner.

"Oh, it is very nice!" she laughed, mischievously, as her maid unhooked the intricacies of a perfectly-fitting fawn-colored gown from her trim little figure. "Everybody is so excited about it. It has so long been what Mr. Mann was playing and doing and going to do. Now it is me!—me! I am having a delightful time. He is going to make a "long jump" from New York soon, just to see me for an hour or two,—and oh, he is so anxious about me!" She looked the part of merry Simone still, in spite of the dressing-room and the beaten egg she was sipping as she changed—was still the elusive, gay, laughter-loving, innocent-wise elf, with a deep hidden under-

RED-HEADED, UPPITY, KITTENISH BILLIE BURKE, WHOSE SPIRITED PLAYING OF "*Mrs. Dot*" IS ONE OF THE SEASON'S SUCCESSES

current of tender sweetness beneath her sparkling surface. The charming French accent of her part still persisted, the quick French gestures, the coaxing turn of the eyes and the little chin.

"Was it not I who wrote 'Ju...

Bonbon'? Ah, yes, I must plead guilty. You don't know anyone who has a good play—a real play, do you? It is so hard to get them. I have been reading, reading—and" with a quick outward fling of the hands, "I have found nothing—absolutely nothing. But that's 'shop,' isn't it?

"Oh, yes, I have fads, of course. But not very badly—suppose we say pets instead? Indeed I love animals—you should see my tiny dogs!"

There was going to be some more about those dogs, but just then two stalwart young men signalled Miss Lipman—we were in the wings now—and with a quick little gesture of promise and regret she ran over to where they knelt, settled herself on their shoulders, patted her skirts into place, and a second later was borne triumphantly on stage to meet a delighted ripple of laughter and applause.

"Isn't she sweet?" said the pretty little girl who played Simone's daughter, coming off after the scene. Everybody in the company loves her. She's so gracious and thoughtful."

More than just being sweet herself, she is a charming actress. As acted by Miss Lipman, the play is innocent and true and sweet, while retaining its Gallic sparkle and verve. Her interpretation of the part of Simone, the capricious, mirth loving French star, who has given up her husband and baby for her art, and now when her daughter is eighteen comes over to America to see how she is behaving, is refined and subtle. The situation is somewhat difficult, for Simone wants to be young—young! to have everybody adore her just as they have always done, to go through life a happy, spoilt child. But ah, here is her great grown-up daughter Marjory, about to be married, and wreck the illusion. Simone is desolated. Yet when Marjory needs her, the mother in Simone triumphs, and she proves that she can be as tender and wise and self-forgetful as mothers ought to be. In the last act she is reconciled to her husband, whom, under her frivolity, she has never ceased to love, and Simone the fairy becomes Simone the mother and wife.

MRS. DOT

"A CUP-AND-SAUCER version of Shaw's 'Man and Superman'," is what a clever critic calls W. Somerset Maugham's comedy in which curly-headed Billie Burke romps so delightfully this season, and the phrase hits the nail on the head. Light, fluffy, sparkling, full of clever talk and situations, gaily cynical without Shaw's edged paradoxing, "Mrs. Dot," to change the metaphor, is a jewelled stiletto for a lady's hair where "Man and Superman" is a two-edged sword.

In the character of Mrs. Dot, Billie Burke has the role of an amusing little kitten of a widow, left outrageously rich by her conveniently-dead brewer husband, and somewhat unreasonably in love with Gerald Halstane, who is the common type of the impecunious younger son, and who has, "all on account of a perfectly absurd moon," engaged himself to Nellie, daughter of Lady Sellenger, although he loves Mrs. Dot in an uncertain, wool-gathering fashion of his own. There's nothing uncertain or wool-gathering about Mrs. Dot, though; when she loves him, she does it determinedly, and no amount of fiancees are going to prevent her from marrying Gerald Halstane, in spite of her frank admission that he is stone-broke, rather dull and not overwhelmingly good-looking.

"But Law!" she says, viciously punching a sofa with the point of her pink parasol, "what does anybody ever want to marry anybody else for?" And with that she sets her clever little red head to work. Before the rest of the cast can wink, she has engineered a love-affair between her cousin Freddie and Nellie Sellenger, waked up her own lukewarm adorer by making him jealous of another man, and dances about her garden in an ecstasy of joyous abandon, chanting, "I'll marry him yet! I'll marry him yet!" to the frank amusement of the other man and her humorous old aunt.

Oh yes, of course it all comes out happy-ever-after—with that red hair and that determination it couldn't be otherwise—but Miss Burke's spirited self is the most interesting thing in the

ELSIE JANIS
No amount of seed-pearls and sequins can make Elsie Janis anything but an infectious young American tom-boy

story. It is difficult to see how any man, even a fatuous creature like Gerald Halstane, could resist laying himself down for her pretty little slippers to dance on. She is the incarnation of health and gayety and lightheartedness, and in everything but the love-scenes she is true and charming. There, she is disappointing—but she makes up for it so generously elsewhere that you can't take her unloverlikeness too much to heart.

Cunning and curly-headed and clever—that's Billie Burke—and with those three C's, she certainly needn't worry about her ability to keep the wolf from the door and her place in the hearts of her public.

MRS. FISKE

In "*Becky Sharp*" Mrs. Fiske has come again to her own, with a keener, more finished and subtile delineation of Thackeray's famous heroine than has ever before been achieved

THE SLIM PRINCESS

A JOYOUS, rollicking, long-legged tomboy is Elsie Janis, American to the core, and no amount of Turkish head-dresses and silken draperies and seed-pearls can make anything else of her, though the scene of George Ade's new musical comedy is laid in the Land of the Crescent, and gives all sorts of chances for heavyweight Turkish beauty and obdurate Turkish papas. But in spite of her surroundings, Elsie Janis is the same old—or rather young—Elsie still, just as frolicky, just as boyish, just as full of abandon as ever—and a dreadful disappointment to the Pasha-Bey-Hajji, or whatever his official title is, who longs to see his daughters fat and married and off his hands.

"The Slim Princess" is a dramatization of George Ade's book of the same

name, which came out some time since and delighted the marshmallow school of readers with its sweet sugar-dustiness. It hasn't suffered much change behind the footlights, although it is very cleverly embellished with gay songs, attractive ballets and dances which give the lithe and slender Elsie full opportunity to fling her graceful self in reckless boyish abandon about the stage, and win over her autocratic parent with a quaintness all her own. The slangy, businesslike young American lover from Pittsburg is well-played, though sometimes a bit over-breezy and enthusisatic: the grand vizier recalls the inimitable Nish in "The Merry Widow," although without Nish's salt of wisdom and humorous cock of the eye. The half-dozen bouncing beauties of the chorus who portray the Ottoman idea of feminine loveliness weigh all that could be desired, and the petulant and plump younger sister of the Slim Princess, who is known as "The Full-Blown Rose," is all that could be expected by the most exacting Mussulman.

In short, "The Slim Princess" isn't instructive or philosophical, but it is tuneful, gay, amusing—and what more does a reasonable person want after the office is closed or the supper-dishes out of the way?

MRS. FISKE AS "BECKY"

AFTER Mrs. Fiske's season in the bedraggled petticoat-tails of "Salvation Nell," it is pleasant to discover her again as Becky Sharp, that "unscrupulous, daring, smooth-spoken, attractive little witch-devil," who has repelled and lured and dragged men to destruction with her winning pretenses for so long.

Becky, as played by Mrs. Fiske, is a marvel of artistry, a piece of truth without an atom of affectation or flashiness. Cold, cruel, adorable, she is a type portrayed for all time by Thackeray, and interpreted with keen insight and restraint by the star. There is never a minute when she loses the attention of her audience, whether she is in the obviously unobtrusive mouse-colored bonnet and gown of Miss Crawley's humble companion, in the brilliant costume of the Duchess of Richmond's ball, or the final untidy and ragged plaid dress of the last act. Her Becky is the only one it is possible to conceive, the unquestionably true Becky, and one wishes that "Old Thack" himself might have seen Mrs. Fiske in the character of his cruel and fascinating heroine.

The other members of the company are worthy of Mrs. Fiske. Holbrook Blinn as the Marquis of Steyne, Henry Stephenson as Rawdon Crawley, Florine Arnold as Miss Crawley, and most of the other characters all are doing good work and making the cast unusually well-balanced and pleasing.

MRS. DOT'S PHILOSOPHY

THE chief aim of any woman who takes pains with her clothes is to make herself look as near an abandoned hussy as she can.

A man never thinks a woman sees anything unless she looks at him with both her eyes wide open.

You know I'm a good sort, really; I talk a lot of nonsense, but I don't mean it—why, I don't listen to it half the time myself.

You're a cynic, a rich man, and bachelor; no man has a right to be all three.

If you marry her, it won't be love in a cottage; it will be matrimony in the suburbs.

Men are all sentimentalists; what a lovely mess the world would get into if it weren't for the practical commonsense of the average woman!

If people waited to know each other before they got married, the world wouldn't be so grossly over-populated as it is now.

No man is ever quite safe from the toils of woman until he is in his coffin, and even then probably some feminine worm will make a dead set at him.

SHE KEEPS ME GUESSING

By J. W. K.

HERE'S to the girl I call mine—all mine,
She drinks wine and she bets,
And she smokes cigarettes,
And at times she forgets
That she's mine—it's distressing!
But what can you do with these pretty coquettes?
I guess that she's mine—and she just keeps me guessing.

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES

MOST men cannot give any better reason why a woman should not vote than most women can give why she should.

When some men aren't making excuses for their own mistakes they are commenting on the mistakes of others.

If you commend a man's work he sets you down as an expert; if you find fault with it he pities you for your lack of knowledge.

You can tell about your troubles so often that you'll begin to believe that you really have them.

Any "old-fashioned" cure for anything is worse than the disease.

You may become so great that after you are gone your statue will be set up in the parks and people will ask who it is.

Ezra Plunkett says that he has thought it over for five years and hasn't been able to decide what a tattooed man might have been if he hadn't adopted that profession.

Mrs. Mose Jordan wants her club to discuss the question: Why Does It Make a Man Angry to Have His Old Love Letters Read to Him?

When some people get a new bit of gossip they start down street mentally shouting "Extra!"

SONG

By A. R. Munday

THY beauty and thy beauty's worth,
The fittest meed and love to claim,
Have given my desires birth
And made a music of thy name;
And absence cannot wring the tear
Thy presence starts and cannot stay;
Thy very graces bear a fear,
Which drives their pleasantness away.

Thy wayward hair and lightsome eyes,
Thy wild fair joyousness of mien,
Quicken my soul to sweet surprise,
Completion of desire seen;
And every pleasant gesture seems
To startle and renew my brain
With bliss beyond the joy of dreams,
And gentle thoughts I seek again.

CONFIDENCE

"SO you wish to marry my daughter?" asks the conventional father. "Do you think you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"No, sir," frankly replies the confident young man. "But I think I can accustom her to the style in which I will be able to support her."